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CHRISTMAS 1915

PERCY MACKAYE

NOW is the midnight of the nations: dark
Even as death, beside her blood-dark seas,
Earth, like a mother in birth agonies,
Screams in her travail, and the planets hark
Her million-throated terror. Naked, stark,
Her torso writhes enormous, and her knees
Shudder against the shadowed Pleiades,
Wrenching the night's imponderable arc.

Christ! What shall be delivered to the morn
Out of these pangs, if ever indeed another
Morn shall succeed this night, or this vast mother
Survive to know the blood-sprent offspring, torn
From her racked flesh?—What splendor from the smother?
What new-wing'd world, or mangled god still-born?

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THE FOOL

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

HE saw it last Christmas Eve in a Belgian wheatfield, and as the story came haltingly from his lips I was amazed at the man's emotion. In twenty years I had never seen him moved.

Sunset over a field of trampled wheat and bloody snow. Stiff bodies in the cold glow. Three dying conscripts, one apparently dead. Vultures overhead. Snow clouds brooding over a dying world.

Two of the tattered conscripts in the cold stripped the third who was drawing his last breath. He lay naked on the snow, his livid flesh clotted with black sticky blood and slime. His arms stretched out north and south and the sun slipped below the horizon. His eyes were open and stared at the unseen. They were passionate with regret. They looked into mine.

And the two wounded conscripts divided his clothing between them. They all lay still. The darkness gathered till the night was black without a star. The naked conscript was silent. The others breathed. He moaned. One conscript drove his bayonet into the naked side, and exclaimed with disgust: "Shut your blarsted mouth. Christ, you're a man!" I heard the rustle of the vulture's wings. Then impenetrable silence.

A shell burst with a dull roar, and its blinding light revealed in one swift flash a stark body prone on the ruddy snow with staring eyes and swollen lips, and a deep red wound in his side, his arms stretched out with open palms toward the dying conscripts on either hand.

Then the darkness rushed down again with the vultures' wings, and the other conscript's voice shook a bit as he muttered: "He said he'd come to end war. God! the bloody fool!"

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THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

A Tale of Modern Egypt

MARIAN COX

I DO not know just when the sickness of jealousy first fell upon me; but it must have been that night when we three first dined together: my wife Mora Bell, her cousin Roger Giffin, and myself, in the grill-room of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo.

My wife and I had spent the winter in a cruise of the Orient and arrived in Cairo when the season was at an end. It was solely to gratify a constantly expressed desire of hers that we made this extensive tour of foreign lands; for I was reluctant to leave our luxurious home and life in America and to join the hordes of globe-trotters who gild with the word "pleasure-seeking" the nerve-shattering discomforts and the twentieth century St. Vitus dance of sightseeing. By the time we arrived in Cairo I was so satiated with mosques and museums, temples, tombs and bazaars, that I declared nothing could induce me to go beyond the hotel terrace the few days we were to be there; but Mora Bell, much younger than I and full of indefatigable zest, was bent upon that *sine qua non* of the American woman —"culture"—and had made an elaborate programme for our stay in Cairo which would have disappointed her greatly to forego. Therefore I suggested that she go without me and with some party of Cook's until she had seen enough of this City of the Dead to satisfy her whimsical curiosity about it.

"Oh, Dyer," she protested, "to go about with chattering people trying to get the atmosphere of the *dead*—how absurd that would be! Why can't I go alone with a guide?"

I had recently read something about the sinister conduct of Egyptian guides and would not listen to this proposal, and she then suggested—as if it were the final resort—that she might be able to get her cousin, Roger Giffin, to act as cicerone for her, and told me that he was living at or near a place called Mît-Rahîneh, a short distance by rail from Cairo.

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Mora Bell had not voluntarily mentioned the name of her cousin to me since the day—soon after our marriage three years ago—when she had spoken too freely of him and for the first time that undefinable suspicion regarding them was stirred in my soul. In her indiscreet candor of that honeymoon day Roger Giffin was revealed to me as one who had possessed her past as I could never hope to possess her future. She even said that he had taught her "all that she knew of life and of books" and from that moment I regarded him, subconsciously, as one who had antedated me in the possession of Mora Bell's life and as the rival stranger whose touch can never be obliterated to a man upon the woman of his adoration.

Before our marriage the quality in Mora Bell which first attracted me and inspired my trust was her truthfulness. As a wealthy bachelor, my experience of women had not been calculated to inspire me with faith and respect for the eternal feminine. So when I thought I recognized in the character of Mora Bell the rarest quality in woman, it gave me the needful sense of security for the risk of marriage. In every event and detail of our common life together this habit of truth in her remained unquestionable. Therefore it startled me all the more to discover, eventually, that there was one subject about which Mora Bell was reticent, evasive, altogether unlike herself in fact, and this subject was her cousin and their life together from early childhood almost up to the time of her marriage.

I must admit, however, that she never lied to me about this. To my direct questioning she either refused to answer at all or else gave some subtle circumlocutory reply that left my curiosity unsatisfied. It distressed her also to question her about those days. Once when I beset her with questions, she answered:

"But that is my dead life, Dyer. Let the dead bury the dead. I give you all my *living* life. Is that not enough?"

But in spite of her adroit avoidance of the subject I managed to extract from her, from time to time, sufficient to piece together certain sequential facts of her life.

Mora Bell and Roger Giffin had been raised together by Mora Bell's father in a well-to-do New England home. Mora Bell idolized her father, but I learned from adventitious clues

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that he, Rupert Giffin, was an eccentric recluse who had led a life of secret dissipation and unexplained absences from home until ill-health drove him into the virtues of recuperation and an austere devotion to books. Soon after the death of Mora Bell's mother—when she was four years old—her father brought to their home the boy, Roger, a few years older than Mora Bell, and told her that he was her cousin, and that he would henceforth make his home with them as his mother also had just died. The two children must have led a strange, solitary life in this secluded home. They had no companionship except in each other and in the strange library of Rupert Giffin. He had a hobby for archaic books and had made an extraordinary collection of them. It was thus that the boy and girl received their impetus towards those peculiar studies which afterwards became the life-work of Roger Giffin and marked the mentality of Mora Bell indelibly. In this library, throughout their youth, they studied together such extraordinary things—Archæology, Assyriology, many sciences of the Dead—as Mora Bell described them to me. It was difficult to believe her guilty of this absurd erudition whenever I looked at her pretty face and noted her deliciously feminine ways. But Roger Giffin, it seems, did become a famous savant, so I could not doubt the existence of the recondite library or the part it had played in forming one human destiny at least. All that was peculiar, all that was mystifying and incomprehensible in Mora Bell I attributed also to this early influence. But in her case—as always with women—I realized it was the man's mind, thus Roger, that had inspired her intellect; whereas his intellect had developed in the impersonal, initiative way of men.

Is it any wonder then that I disliked, ay, resented the intellectuality of my wife? Once realizing its source in *his* influence, it seemed to me that she spoke with his words, thought with his thoughts, dreamed with his dreams of the past, whenever she manifested those extraordinary interests and curiosities which I did not share. Mora Bell soon became aware of this prejudice in me for, in less than a year after our marriage, I noticed that she lost what I had termed her "intellectual arrogance," became most chary of displaying her esoteric knowledge before me and

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ceased to indulge in that most wearying bore to a man of the world—intellectual conversation. Mora Bell was one of those women of whom Balzac speaks, a woman in whom there is both an encyclopedia and a seraglio. I wanted to reign as master in the seraglio part of her being; and in the encyclopedic part I discerned another's reign; and to myself the possibilities of a future lèse majesty.

But to return to those fragments of her past of value to me. Roger and Mora Bell had not yet completed their course in a co-educational college when Mr. Giffin died and left them fairly penniless. Both were forced to seek to earn their own livelihood, sadly equipped for the practical world. But Roger found a position as secretary for a Society of Antiquaries, and Mora Bell came to New York and was seeking a position, "to do anything that she could do," was her desperate way of putting it, when I met her, was seized by the maddest infatuation of my life and a fortnight later made her my wife.

Soon afterwards Mora Bell came to me one day, much agitated, to tell me that her cousin had had a remarkable change in his life. The president of the Society of Antiquaries, for which Roger Giffin was secretary, was going to finance an Exploration Expedition to Egypt and Roger had been placed in charge of it and had gone away "to devote his whole life to research among the dead cities of antiquity." It was then that Mora Bell spoke *too* feelingly of him, and expressed the most extravagant admiration for those very qualities and gifts of his which I so conspicuously lacked. She dwelt eloquently upon his vast learning, his devotion to the sciences that she understood, his disinterested ideals and ambitions—until, exasperated beyond control, I accused her of being in love with him.

I shall never forget the strange, questioning look she gave me then, and her reply after some moments of deliberation:

"No, Dyer, that is not true. I could not love Roger in the way you mean simply because he is my cousin. Love between us would seem to me unnatural, indecent, a crime against civilization in fact."

But the fact of their consanguinity did not possess the least power to allay my suspicion, as Mora Bell seemed to believe that

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it should do. Did not cousins marry? Mora Bell seemed satisfied that everything was cured in me by this insistence of hers upon their blood-relationship, but nevertheless she had tactfully avoided the mention of his name from that day to this present time in Cairo. Thus it was that when she told me of his location near us, simultaneously there darted into my mind a query as to how she had gained this knowledge of his whereabouts. I demanded:

"How did you find out that Roger Giffin was here?"

"Yesterday, in the *Egyptian Gazette* I read that his expedition was settled somewhere near Mît-Rahîneh."

Then suddenly she came to me and placed her arm about my neck, softly saying: "Don't, dear, don't be so unreasonable and unjust—about Roger. I thought you had gotten over that—after all these years. I *must* see Roger while we are here, for—remember we are *cousins*."

The little satirical contraction about her mouth did more than her cajolement to awaken me to a realization of the ridiculous figure a jealous husband makes of himself in his surrender of judgment, poise and the grace of humor for the blind chaos of the crudest of instincts; so I replied:

"Certainly, you can see him. We will invite him to dinner."

"But he is encamped in the desert," she said musingly. "The nearest railway station is Bedrashein. We will have to send a messenger there to take the letter out in the desert to him."

The invitation was despatched and the following evening I met Roger Giffin in the rotunda of the hotel.

At the first glance I was startled by his resemblance to Mora Bell. Their tie of blood seemed closer than I could have conceived of cousins; and momentarily this freak of resemblance dispelled the shadowy web of affinity that my jealousy had been weaving around them. Are we not constantly told that only opposites attract?

They were both above the average in height and had the same straight features, long grey eyes, dark hair and heavy, arched brows. Mora Bell was the thoroughbred in her delicate but arbitrary features, her air of high lineage which seemed combined of pride, frankness and freedom, and her nervous vitality

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which always suggested to me a race-horse. Roger suggested the monk and the soldier with his shaven, rather grimly compressed face, his sombre, meditative eyes that never opened widely, perhaps a habit contracted from the African glare, his robust leanness and a peculiar restlessness, a sort of secret violence or fierce gloom which impressed one undefinably from his personality. But the two would be taken by any one for brother and sister to-night; he in his white linen tropical suit, she in her low-cut white chiffons.

I watched their meeting and caught every word of their ensuing conversation with a vigilant criticality. The circumstances of this night gave to me an intensity of mental life and immersed me in a solitude foreign to my nature. They greeted each other impulsively, youthfully, as though reacting from all the separation of the years into the boy and girl of the past again.

"Oh, Roger, it is so good to see you again," Mora Bell repeated several times, each time as if unaware that she had said it before. And in the grill-room they looked across the table at each other with a passionate attention, a world-obliterating eagerness.

"You have not changed a bit!" exclaimed Mora Bell after a long scrutiny with dancing lights in her eyes.

"Neither have you," said Roger.

"Except that you are awfully sunburnt," she added.

"I have been living in the desert for three years."

"How long it seems!"

"Longer to me than to you, Mora Bell. All this time you have been in the world, while I have been—with the dead."

He spoke as if half in jest but Mora Bell seemed ever so slightly discomfited at his words.

"You mean—you have been in the desert," said Mora Bell, and glanced at me as if this was proffered, explanatorily, for my sake. Roger shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, I have been in the desert for three years. At first at ancient Thebes, and then at Abydos. We have been on our present site—of old Memphis—only a short time."

"What a wonderful life you are living, Roger."

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"So you still regard it with the romance of our youth, Mora Bell?"

"Yes, indeed. And you are living exactly like the hero of our youth—Mariette. Don't you remember?"

"No, not like him," replied Roger, with sudden gravity, "for Mariette worked in the desert only for the glory of his work and for his own glory. But I am forced to work solely for the glory of my employer, Spencer Eckley, who has a fad for Egyptology, much as other millionaires have a fad for yachts or aeroplanes."

"But you wrote me that *you* were to be in charge of everything."

"Privately, yes; but not officially. The understanding was that Eckley was to furnish the money and I was to furnish the work, the brains and the glory for him. He has put me on the staff as 'field director' whereas he is named as 'scientific director' and everything else of importance. The amusing part of it is that he knows no more about the sciences of Egyptology than—this Arab waiter!"

"Oh, Roger!" Hot indignation was on her face.

"Oh, I don't mind not getting any of the credit for my work," Roger hastened to continue without his former accent of bitterness. "What I dislike is his authority over my work. For instance, I have just made our first great find. No one knows of it but myself and no one must know of it until Eckley is here. Then he will announce the discovery and proclaim himself the discoverer. At present he is somewhere on the Continent taking an 'obesity cure.' I have been trying to reach him, the past week, with cypher messages; for, of course, I don't want the Egyptian government to get any inkling of our find until after Eckley is here."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see our excavations are a private undertaking but the government is supposed to get one-half of our finds and generally there is trouble and dispute over this. It is bound to be so in case of a great find—such as we have made. The government would suspend our work indefinitely to appoint its own

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inspectors and commissioners. Besides, if the news got out we would run the risk of robbery."

"Oh, I see. So no one must know but you."

"Until Eckley's arrival. By that time I will have finished all the recording and photographing that I am doing in secret, at present, of the tomb and its contents and it will be safe to have it known by the public."

"The tomb! You have discovered some long buried tomb? Do tell me about it!"

But Roger hesitated and glanced over at me as if to imply that his confidence should not extend further.

"You need not mind Dyer," said Mora Bell. "He refuses to hear anything about tombs. He thinks everything of that kind a frightful bore."

She but repeated my own expressions and yet from her now they seemed to convey something derogatory to me. I smarted under the sense of her intellectual intimacy with this man and my own estrangement from this side of her nature into that other which suddenly appeared lesser, grosser, intangibly debasing.

"Yes," said I, "don't mind me. Say what you like. I won't hear." And I lifted my wine glass and drank deeply.

"You will be astonished to hear what I have discovered, Mora Bell," Roger went on, in the low tone of privileged intimacy. "You could never imagine it. It seems too fantastic for reality. I have discovered the tomb and the remains of the Queen Nitocris."

The name signified nothing to me but it seemed charged with some hidden potency for them. Something mystical came into the gaze of each, as she repeated the name slowly with a kind of startled imaginativeness.

"Roger, how wonderful this is!"

He nodded affirmation.

"To think that you should discover the tomb of the Queen Nitocris about whom we used to read in our—I mean *my* father's library. Do you remember?"

"Of course I remember."

"And do you remember that our first and worst quarrel was about this Queen Nitocris?"

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"Yes, I remember."

"You declared that the version of the sixth dynasty as written by Herodotus was the correct one and that, as he said, it was the King Mycerinus who had built the third pyramid; while I declared that, on the contrary, the version of Manetho was the correct one and that it was not Mycerinus but the Queen Nitocris who had built the third pyramid. Do you remember?"

"Yes, indeed I remember every detail of our dispute."

"I confess to you now that I only took the side of Manetho and Queen Nitocris because she was a woman and I thought I ought to be loyal to my own sex."

"What a funny little girl you were!"

They both laughed.

"And I remember that I called you 'Queen Nitocris' after that whenever you got mad; for the name in Greek means 'rosy-cheeked'; and when you got mad you always got so rosy and so pretty."

Mora Bell's cheeks were flaming now as they laughed together over these youthful reminiscences; then abruptly she became serious and clasping her hands together on the edge of the table with an expression of concentrated interest, she leaned forward and said:

"Roger, since then I have often wondered who was right, you or I, in that dispute. It is an historical dispute as well, you know. Who was right—you or I—Herodotus or Manetho? Tell me; for surely you know now? Was it not really Queen Nitocris who built the third pyramid?"

"No, I do not yet know that, Mora Bell. The truth must be written on the papyri within the cartonnages that enwrap the mummy of Queen Nitocris but I cannot unroll the mummy until Eckley is here."

"Oh, when will he be here?"

"In about two weeks, I dare say, after he receives my message. But I have not yet succeeded in reaching him."

"Oh, what a long time to wait!"

"You are just as you were when a girl—tragically impatient for whatever you desire."

"Oh, you cannot criticise me for impatience, Roger. You

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are far more impatient than I. Don't you remember how I used to tease and torment you through that weakness of yours—inability to wait?"

Some unintentional meaning in her words seemed to strike Roger adversely, for his face lost its geniality and became arid as he rejoined:

"There is one thing for which I could have waited if you, too, had been willing to wait."

And he looked at her with an audacious revelation in his eyes.

Instantly Mora Bell looked at me as if to see if I understood. I acted as if engrossed in my food. But cleverly she then endeavored to change the current of their talk and to include me in it, as a precautionary measure against further betrayals from Roger.

"Do tell Dyer something about your life in the desert!" she said to him. "He won't listen to anything about tombs but I am sure he would like to hear about how the excavations are carried on."

Roger made an attempt to comply by describing certain phases of his mechanical work to which I gave a polite pretence of attention. But I did not hear a word addressed to me. Singing in my brain—like a havoc of winged things—were all the words he had said to Mora Bell.

Their reversion to the past, so unknown to me, their rapt exchange of reminiscences, their incessant references to mutual experiences, thoughts and emotions that they had shared together—from a common heritage and environment to the books they had read together—all their long community of life seemed to ally them in secret indestructible bonds, more real and everlasting than anything the sacrament of marriage had given me. As I listened I felt as if I had been living with Mora Bell in some false paradise which now was being undermined in hidden ways beneath my very feet. To a man such as I, there is no happiness in a love without the sense of security and faith. How could I ever again feel security in the possession of one in whom another held such a place? How could I ever again have faith in one whose life of the intellect and the memory were revealed as so completely apart from my own?

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We went out on the terrace for our coffee. We sat beneath the shadow of some palms in front of the iron railing that divided the terrace from the Shâria Kâmel, a few feet below. The terrace was full of empty tables and chairs and a few Europeans smoking and drinking Turkish coffee or mineral waters. It was a tropical night, hot and clear. The little shops facing our hotel on the Shâria Kâmel lit the street brilliantly and made the dark skies overhead seem like a serene waste of shadow in which even the tiny stars were lost and the moon floated like a half-melted lozenge.

But the Shâria Kâmel was full of the busy night-life of the Orient. On the narrow pavements beneath the terrace there was a ceaseless flow of humanity and a traffic of oddly varied vehicles. The shopkeepers stood in their doorways opposite, dressed in their long *gelabiehs,* soliciting every European passer-by to enter the interiors that looked like zones of fire in which figures moved like shadows. It was singular to see the motley-meet of the Orient and the Occident in this narrow, fascinating street. Jaunty Frenchmen in the weird headgear and hirsute adornments of the Parisian boulevards, pale-faced Americans and Englishmen in solar topees, moved along the streets beside Arabs in flowing white robes and turban or fez, Egyptian zouaves in huge trousers and brilliantly colored coats, and the primitive looking Sakkas with their goat-skins of water. Standing about the wide stone steps, leading from the terrace to the street below, were clamorous groups of dragomen, porters and touts of all kinds to beset what tourists were still to be encountered at this out-of-date season in Cairo. The air was filled with the sedulous hum of human life: the puff of dragon-eyed motors flashing by, the rattle of native carts, the jangle of the chains about the necks of donkeys, the tinkle of the brass cups of the Khamalis, the cries of the lemonade and liquor-ice-water sellers, the chatter of the street-vendors of all kinds commingled with floating strains of barbarous music from the Arabian cafés on the Boulevard Clot Bey and from the summer theatre in the Ezbekîyeh. Life was here in a feverish vividness of sound and movement and yet what impressed me most of all was that it seemed but a pigmy play amidst some mighty, unmoved atmosphere, something

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unique and belonging solely to Cairo; a background, as it were, of the august dead in this city of the dead Pharaohs against which the living became puny and futile and mysteriously overshadowed as though by the aged sum of all the vain fates of the past.

Out here on the terrace, Roger and Mora Bell were closer together than in the grill-room. Seated side by side beneath the tremulous shadow of the palms on the almost vacant terrace, the distraction on the street below seemed to charter them for a tête-à-tête and to justify my exclusion.

For half an hour, perhaps longer, I sat silent beside them, feigning a lively interest in the animated street scene. Conjurors were performing their tricks upon the pavement; an Arab with a trained monkey was directly in front of us. The street-vendors spied us so accessibly near the railing and came and spread forth their wares to tempt us; spangled shawls that glittered like molten moonlight, silky rugs, gaudy fly-brushes, ostrich feathers, post-cards, scarabs, spurious relics and trophies of the wars in the Sudân—all were offered up to us by eager, brown hands through the railing. Roger and Mora Bell took no notice of them: and I waved them away when too exigent or jestingly bargained with them. But an intense depression had settled upon me which could not be diverted by any trivial wiles. Finally I arose and—observing their ignorance of my action—I went away without apology and strolled aimlessly down the Shâria Kâmel to the Ezbekîyeh gardens.

I do not know how long a time I spent in wandering about the gardens. Their ambush of darkness was restful to my tension, and the personal seemed less poignant when the healing fingers of nature touched me from the still trees, the fragrant African earth and the pure, untroubled skies. On my way out I came to the summer theatre and entered it. For a while I watched one of the familiar oriental performances: an Egyptian woman giving the stomach dance to the beating of tambourines and *hautbois,* her full skirts wagging around her silver anklets, her eyebrows painted to meet upon her nose; and then I returned leisurely to Shepheard's Hotel.

As I ascended the steps leading to the terrace, I perceived

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that Roger and Mora Bell were seated as I had left them and they did not glance in my direction as I approached. Scarcely realizing my own motive, I approached them from the rear of the terrace and, unremarked and noiseless, I came up behind them and stood in the shadow of the palms. My ear was strained to catch the tiniest whisper but they were speaking in concentrated tones which carried every inflexion to me.

"Mora Bell, why, *why* did you marry him?" Roger was saying.

"Hush, Roger, you must not ask me that now."

"My love gives me the right to some explanation from you."

"No, no. There are some things that must not be said."

"What can justify your silence to me upon the one thing that has destroyed my life's happiness?"

"Roger, I can tell you nothing except what I told you before my marriage. Your love for me is wrong: wrong in ways that *you* could never understand."

"I suppose you refer to our relationship as cousins. No, I cannot understand why that should have prevented our marriage."

"You—a man—do not realize the responsibilities of love and marriage as a woman does. To *me* the only immorality is harm to the race."

"Sophistry! You are hiding your real reason behind this far-fetched subterfuge. I could easily prove to you how unfounded in truth it is by Egyptian history where consanguine marriages were common in ancient times. Why, Mora Bell, most of the Egyptian queens were married to their own brothers! —and it had no disastrous results. This eugenic stuff of modern times is all nonsense."

"That is just it! You have lived so much in antiquity that you cannot even understand the views of modern times."

She made an impatient gesticulation.

"Never mind that— But tell me, Mora Bell—dearest, your *real* reason."

He took her hand.

"I can never tell you, Roger."

"Why not?"

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"Because of respect for the dead."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, Roger, let us not talk of this any longer. It is too late now. It only makes us both miserable!"

She spoke with passionate vehemence, and almost with a sob in her voice.

"Only one thing more I must ask you. I know that you once loved me; but now—do you love *him?*"

As I too leaned forward, breathlessly, for her answer, that answer upon which our future destinies hung, simultaneously there appeared at the railing one of the street-vendors with whom I had amused myself an hour ago—bargaining for a little funeral statuette that I had no desire to purchase. He espied me now and hailed me with his wicked dark face grinning at the railing, holding aloft the statuette between the bars. "For three *piastres* —the master can have it!"

And so I was forced to step forward from my concealment before Mora Bell had uttered the fateful words and to conduct myself as though I had just that instant returned to the terrace.

Mora Bell greeted me with blitheness. Roger became laconic from thereon and wrapt in a frigid revery until he spoke of his departure, saying that he must now catch the last train to Bedrashein. He asked how long we were to remain in Cairo.

"We may leave to-morrow," said I.

"Oh, no, Dyer," demurred Mora Bell, "that is impossible. I have so much to see here. We must not leave Cairo until I have seen the Sphinx and the Pyramids by moonlight, and the tombs of the Caliphs and the Mamelukes, and Heliopolis, the House of the Sun, and the petrified forests in the desert—oh, there is so much to see!"

I was courteous in the extreme to Roger Giffin in our adieux and expressed regret that Mora Bell and I would be unable to see him again as our time was so filled, even though we might remain a day or so longer.

After he had gone, my wife and I silently walked to the lift and through the corridors. I stole a glance at her profile. She looked as if reliving the last hours spent with Roger Giffin and upon her face there was an indescribable expression which I can

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only define by—deep sadness combined with spiritual pride of vision. At the doorway of our adjoining rooms, she bade me good night and said that she intended to rise early the next morning in order to accomplish a lot of sight-seeing before the heat of the day began. I too arose comparatively early the following day; but Mora Bell had already gone and I did not see her again until the *tiffin* hour. I inquired how she had spent the forenoon. She said she had spent all the time in one place—in the bazaars of the Khân-el-Khalîli—because that was a place where she could go unattended. I asked her plans for the afternoon.

"I am going with a Cook's party to see some famous tombs, quite a distance from here; so you must not be worried about me if I am late in returning, and, of course, you must not wait up for me. You will know that I am perfectly safe with this party."

She was in high spirits, as if unusually excited by the prospect of a novel experience and by her imperious love of adventure. Undoubtedly she did not expect me to question her further. Had I not granted her the right to make her own arrangements for sight-seeing—so long as they were safely conducted? So she seemed surprised and—yes, imperceptibly anxious when I persisted:

"What tombs are you going to see?"

She paused, equivocally, before she replied:

"The tombs of Sakkara."

"But that is a long trip. I heard some tourists discussing it this morning. It is sixteen miles from Gizeh and takes all day to do."

"That is the old way—on camels. I am not going that way. I am going by train."

"Really, is there a railway in the desert from Gizeh to the Sakkara tombs?"

"No, of course not. I don't go by the Gizeh route at all. I am going by way of——"

As I have said, Mora Bell was not by nature a liar. Her natural impulse was towards the truth, otherwise invention would not have failed her—as it always did, whenever caution restrained her from candor—forcing her to take refuge in silence.

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A natural liar never hesitates between the possible dilemma of truth and the expediency of lies, nor adopts the compromise of silence. I now divined the struggle in Mora Bell's mind when she hesitated over the final word, and I gave her no time to reflect—lest silence become her solution—but urged my interrogation.

"Yes—you are going by way of——"

"Bedrashein."

I think she regretted her choice of truth the moment the word was uttered. "Would I remember its association with *him?*" her dubious glance at me seemed to ask.

"Bedrashein, Bedrashein," I repeated as if in perplexity, "where have I heard that name before? Oh, yes, I remember. It is the name of the station near your cousin's encampment."

"But he is in the desert several miles from there!" Her manner was precipitate.

"Ah, then, he does not know of your journey so near him to-day?"

I spoke calmly, even unconcernedly. But did not some warning reach her from the warp in my soul? A wave of hot crimson flushed her face to the roots of her hair.

"No. How could he know?"

Then the cunning of the threatened came to her.

"Perhaps you would like to go with me this afternoon, Dyer?" she said lightly. "You seem so extraordinarily interested in this little excursion of mine."

"Not in the least. I don't know why I have asked so many questions. Because there is so little to talk about here—I dare say. You are quite safe with Cook's party to go anywhere. I shall spend the afternoon in a siesta. What time do you leave?"

"About five—I believe. I must look again at the time-table."

My demeanor had succeeded in destroying her momentary anxiety and she left me again in high spirits. But in my soul was a torturing suspicion, almost a grieving conviction of her deception of me in this innocent appearing trip, which demanded verification or expulsion. Hence I laid my trap. Surreptitiously I waited all afternoon to see her departure from the hotel and

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then followed her to the train. I saw her ushered alone into a compartment and just as the train was about to start, I entered the same compartment.

"Ah, you are surprised to see me!" said I, with forced joviality. "At the last moment I decided that it would be less of a bore to go with you than to loaf in the hotel—so here I am. But you don't look so pleased to see me as I had hoped."

Consternation held her dumb.

"But where is the party you told me you were going with?"

I spoke as if in sudden surprise at her solitude.

She looked at me as if trying to penetrate the veils between us and to grasp the secret motive that had brought me here.

"I am not going with any party, as you see, Dyer. I am going alone."

"Then you *lied* to me, Mora Bell!"

At the discovery of the truth of what I had so darkly suspected, I realized how much hope against the truth had been hidden in my soul until now. As I flung the accusation I felt ill, ill unto death, of my disillusion, but it did not disturb her any more than if I had uttered some ordinary reproof.

"Yes, I had to, Dyer," was her self-possessed answer to my accusation. "You would have been so angry had you known the truth."

All at once this woman, whom I had loved with an insensate devotion, appeared to me like an incarnate lie, and I wondered at my past love and trust and all my pride and joy in her as a man might wonder in death over the delirium of the life he has left.

"And, *now,* I suppose, since lies can no longer serve you, you will tell me the truth."

"Good heavens, Dyer, of what do you suspect me! You look at me as if I were a detected criminal, but I have not done such a dreadful thing after all. I merely resorted to a—falsehood in order to spare us both some unpleasantness. I will tell you everything now. I am going with my cousin Roger to see the tomb of Queen Nitocris."

She adopted the light plausibility of a woman of the world

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who, half-superciliously, deigns an attempt to overcome unreasonable ill-humor in a man.

"And why did you conceal this from me? What guilt in your heart concerning this trip with your cousin made you conceal it in lies?"

"Dyer!" She drew back in quick dignity. "You know how *unreasonably* you dislike my cousin. Naturally I hesitated to anger you by letting you know that I was going with him."

"A lie is a confession of guilt." I felt my brain closed to all knowledge but this.

"Guilt!" she repeated, her eyes suddenly horror-struck. "What do you mean?"

"You know!" I sneered with insulting insinuation. "You have not succeeded in fooling me, Mora Bell."

"I—and Roger—what do you mean?" she stammered, flushing red, then white again.

"I mean that I know you were not going to see the tomb of Queen Nitocris but that you were going to your lover—Roger Giffin!"

"Oh!"

Her dilated eyes fixed upon mine slowly filled with tears. She brushed them away, and then leaned her chin upon the palm of her hand and steadfastly gazed out of the window.

"It is useless for me to talk to you in your present mood, Dyer. I could never make you understand."

Yes, it was useless to explain, to question, to reproach or to accuse further, I agreed. All was at an end between us. I would not let my agony of mind drag me into the sordidness of a useless quarrel. I settled back in the corner opposite and pulling down the curtain of the window beside me to shut off a ray of sunlight that shone in my face, prepared to wait.

The train was passing through the fertile flatlands that lie on the margin of the Nile, the River of Life which, legend says, flows between the living and the dead, and in a short while it stopped at the lonely little station of Bedrashein.

The guard came to unlock the door of our compartment and behind him appeared Roger Giffin, restless eyes all alight with quest of her. In his over-vaulting impatience to find Mora Bell

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it was evident that he did not perceive the figure opposite, behind the drawn curtain, for, from the doorway, he reached to her with outstretched hand and the glowing expression of a happy lover.

Mora Bell did not take his hand—was this a warning sign from her to him?—but she greeted him with that perfunctory sort of loquacity which women use in times of embarrassment.

"Roger, my husband has come with me. Although Dyer detests tombs, when I told him of your offer to show us the tomb of Queen Nitocris he decided it was an opportunity he ought not to miss."

"The tomb of Queen Nitocris!" Roger echoed in a bewildered way. At the sight of me his expression had changed to one of abject confusion, of stunned disappointment.

"Could it be possible that Mora Bell misunderstood you?" I queried with grim solicitude. "You look as if you did not remember that your engagement with Mora Bell was to show us the tomb of Queen Nitocris."

He gave me one glance of frustrated rage before he replied:

"It is thoroughly understood. Come."

We stood in the untempered sunlight on the platform of the little brown station. A group of ragged fellaheen and fruit-sellers nearby were watching us with mild curiosity. At the far end of the platform some donkey boys were sitting with their knees drawn up to their chins; their donkeys standing in front of them with ears drooping over their tassels and stamping fitfully at the flies. At a gesture from Roger three donkeys were brought up for us and we mounted and cantered into the tiny sun-baked village which now lies over the ruins of the oldest of Cities, where once the kings of the Pyramids had their glory.

We stopped a moment at a little open-fronted shop near the station, where Roger purchased some candles and then went on through the desolate village of crumbling ruins, rubbish heaps, mud-huts and open cemeteries, all burned to the same mummied tone by the fierce African sun. Little naked children ran from the doorways at our approach and shouted "backsheesh" at us; we caught a glimpse of some black-robed, black-veiled women with jars on their heads standing about an old well; long-eared goats and pariah dogs were roaming in the shadow of broken

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brick walls; and around some vacant square towers and the flat roofs of deserted ancient buildings, were, circling and wheeling in the golden light, the sacred hawks, who, in ages past, had given their form to the hawk-headed divinities of Egypt. Their melancholy cry pierced the stillness and seemed to add to the burden of the ages that hung in the crystal air.

Roger pointed out to us some pools of stagnant water, saying that there was once the Sacred Lakes, excavated by Mena, of the buried Temples of Memphis; and not far away lay the colossus of Rameses the Great, prostrate on the earth like the colossal Past, dethroned. We passed the stone giant and reached the pastoral scenes that belong to this Goshen-like edge of the delta just before it ends so abruptly in the illimitable waste of the desert. We followed zigzag paths along fields of green crops and canal-banks and met flocks of shaggy brown sheep with their wild-looking shepherds and trains of heavily-laden camels with bare-legged men in flowing rags, until we entered the dense palm groves of Memphis. The palms looked black against the glowing distance; and through their feathery plumes we discerned the wan expanse of immensities of sand. Finally we passed the last palm of the alluvial soil and were upon the sands of the desert which shone with a blinding pallor.

The sun was still in its daylight vigor but these vast leagues of barren sand, these spaces of gigantic emptiness, struck me as something unearthly, mysterious, awful. It was as if the mask of life had slipped from the face of Eternity and it stood at last revealed in a terrifying monotony of the dead.

There was a hot blue mist upon the horizon from which emerged the purple streak of the far Libyan hills and the ghostly outline of the three pyramids of Gizeh. Stretching between there was nothing but the biscuit-colored sands, undulating and void, here and there scintillant as if from a bed of crystals, and the skies of a dazzling blue.

Our donkeys padded softly over the wrinkled sands upon which I could see the minute tracks and now and then the lumbering bodies of the beetles, sacred to Egypt and believed to be immortal. Roger and Mora Bell were looking straight ahead

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with an all-embracing gaze and exalted chins, as if intently absorbing all the mystic wonder and thrill of the desert.

"Beneath us," at last said Roger, and there was a note of reverence in his voice, "are the buried worlds of the past. Perhaps we are directly over some ancient avenue of sphinxes or a grave peopled with colossi and mummies. Some day they will all be discovered. Some day we will know the lives of the dead more vividly than if they still lived in the flesh. Not even these mighty wastes—not even the oblivion of the desert—can bury the past of man."

"And this—this desert has been your home all these years?" said Mora Bell, wonderingly. "Oh, Roger, I wonder that it has not made you *inhuman!*"

Roger smiled, secretively.

"On the contrary; it has made me human, little cousin. Since I have lived thus—with the dead—I have learned the value of the living as never before. It has made me human, savagely human and hungry for life, for happiness and for—*love!*"

Soon afterwards there issued from the flat background indistinct forms which defined themselves into a low range of hills as we drew near. In the sharp shadow of one of them, we stopped, dismounted, and Roger tied our donkeys to some tamarisk bushes. We walked a short distance into what appeared to be a complexus of mounds, full of trenches and tunnels bearing the marks of recent excavation, until we arrived at what was evidently the opening of a forced passage into cavernous rock. Here Roger lit the candles and, giving one to each of us, he led the way to a flight of steps covered with débris, broken pottery and stones. We descended, slowly, by the fluttering light of the candles, Roger leading the way and holding the hand of Mora Bell, who followed him, to assist her cautious descent into the black depths beyond.

The long flight of steps ended in a dumb chamber, as it is called, with walls of rough, unhewn rock, and the air now became difficult to breathe and felt and smelt as if the sunken heat of ages had been spiced and preserved here. Roger showed us how cunning the ancients had been in devising secure hiding places for their sacred dead. In this dumb chamber were false

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doors and a sliding roof and a passage filled with blocks—all contrived as blinds to direct away from the real passage, which stood ostentatiously open. And even after following the real passage, we had to pass through successive dumb chambers and spiral passages and ponderous trap-doors before we reached the place which Roger said was the ante-chapel leading to the mortuary chamber of the Queen. Here we paused. We had mined our way into subterranean depths and here at last were encountered the first signs of the buried life revealing itself to us across immeasurable ages. This ante-chapel, Roger explained, was designed for the occupancy of the Ka, or the Double, of the body, lying just beyond in the adjoining vault, for it was the ancient belief of the Egyptians that this spectral form remained forever interred in the grave with its earthly counterpart. Therefore everything was arranged in this consecrated place to furnish it with sustenance, cheer, protection and the semblance of everlasting life. At one side, between two carved capitals, stood a Table of Offerings covered with earthenware vases, boxes and baskets of palm-fibre filled with embalmed food for the phantom-tenant; and the walls were decorated with colored bas-reliefs representing the images of food and drink and scenes of feasting from which it was supposed to partake, immortally.

In the chamber there was a curiously fashioned trap-door with stone bolts to fasten it, hidden in the thick masonry. We passed through this trap-door and found ourselves in a sort of shaft, too low to stand erect within, and after traversing its length we reached the sepulchral vault of the Queen Nitocris.

It was a small vault, one quarter filled by a massive stone sarcophagus in the centre, over which was suspended on four columns a canopy of gilded leather painted with Ba-birds, emblem of the soul. The walls of the vault were covered with inscriptions.

We approached the sarcophagus and peered into the mystery of its royal dead by the fantastic light of the candles, dripping over our hands like burning tears. Within the shadowy space I could discern the gilt-coffin shaped like a mummy, the inlaid glass eyes and brows, the representation of the uræus and vulture crown of Egyptian Queens, and beside the coffin a golden

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sceptre. In the four corners of the sarcophagus were alabaster jars, the canopic jars, which Roger told Mora Bell contained the embalmed heart and vitals of the Queen who had lived so many thousands of years ago as "the most beautiful and intellectual woman of her time and the ruler of all men." Then they read together the name upon the royal cartouche, and after that they turned to look at the inscriptions upon the walls.

"They are texts from the Book of the Dead," said Roger to Mora Bell.

"Do you remember"—her words were murmured to him, but were surcharged with awe—"do you remember that once before, in the long ago, in father's library, we read together the Book of the Dead?"

I stood back against the wall—forgotten. They stood close together on the opposite side, enwrapt in the candle-light whose rays were abruptly lost in the profound darkness of the tomb. The darkness of the tomb was not that of the void, but was a ghostly gloom, a broth of shadows, as if all the strange visions of a dead civilization—chimeræ, gods and beasts, and Things made of god and beast and man—were living within these walls in fantasies of darkness. But as the two stood together, curiously scanning and deciphering the hieroglyphic script upon the wall, they appeared to me suddenly as if in a veil of fire, a veil like isolation itself become luminously visible to preside over and magically admit the nuptials of two minds. And suddenly my jealousy bit into me like acid destroying fine metal; my jealousy and the pitiless hate of the man who realizes that he has been in a woman's hands a fatuous dupe, the potential *cuckold.*

Yet I believe to this day that the scheme for my deed would never have burst upon me as it did—had it not been for those words of Mora Bell to Roger: "Do you remember—that we read together the Book of the Dead?"

"No!—it was not the Book of the Dead that they read together—but the Book of Life!" something shrieked in my soul. "And now they must read together the Book of the Dead; forever and ever they must remain in this tomb to read together the Book of the Dead."

And with something like the applause and the laughter of a

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demon in my soul, I withdrew stealthily from the place and crept along the low-shaft until again I stood outside the trap-door and closed it and fastened it down immovably.

I could never have found my way out through that labyrinth of stone if it had not been for the drippings of the candle-grease which I followed, sometimes forced to crawl on all fours in order to trace it, meticulously.

The sun was setting when again I was upon the desert. The western skies were hung with little roseate clouds, like a canopy for the repose of a royalty, and the horizon was like a remote purple sea; but I turned eastward and rode towards ashen skies into which the cold earth shadow was already mounting.

The desert looked like the scene of some gaunt conquest over which brooded the loneliness of all conquering things. It was like a world without life, a soul without love, a body without blood. Its determination of silence abashed the tumult of brain and flesh. Its finality of unutterable calm made all human tragedy infinitesimal. And there was no exultance in my soul, no vestige of triumph in my vengeance from the moment that I looked forth upon the supreme triumph of the desert, and became immersed in its stupor of silence, its climax of the incalculable dead.

As I returned across the sands to Bedrashein, the words of Roger on the former journey across the sands recurred to me. I thought of the buried worlds beneath these sands of which he had spoken. The kings and slaves, priests and warriors, robbers and captives, princesses and peasants—all the sum of a past humanity still peopling the desert. They were in the grave; but were they the dead? If so, was not the life and the glory of Egypt perpetuated solely by its dead? If so, were not the dead more powerful than the living?

And then I knew that there are no dead so long as thought endures. In each human mind there lives the long ageless procession of the dead. It is only the dead that haunt and cannot be overcome. It is only the dead that can summon us as the custodians of their lives. And then I knew that in my thought would live everlastingly—as never in life—the two I had condemned to death in the tomb. I knew that henceforth I was

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to be their condemned, their helpless victim, the prey of ghouls from the grave.

But it was not until I was back in Cairo, upon my sleepless bed, that my real torture began.

I began to imagine what was taking place in the tomb of Queen Nitocris. I saw the two lovers—still luminous in the nuptial veil of fire as last I had beheld them—but now aware of my deed and their doom, and yet—not afraid. No longer were they reading together the Book of the Dead, but they were acting as if reading a future life from each other's eyes; they were whispering consolation to each other; and for each other's cheer they were remembering and repeating all man's promises and divine texts of immortality. They waited a long while in expectancy of my return. It was not easy to make them—so full of youth and vitality—succumb to despair; but at last I saw them in the inexorable to-morrows, brooding doom not daunting their spirits but making their eyes shine all the more feverishly as though from a supernatural joy that the grave had given them the best that life had denied: each other. They did not seem to feel any of the pangs of dying because their souls were feeding from each other's eyes and their mouths drinking from each other's lips. And when at last Death Supreme did make mute their amorous tongues and untwine their enraptured limbs—they still had their way of cheating him. They had their Doubles, their counterparts of the flesh in eternal spirit, there in the depths of the tomb, enabling them to live forever in the bliss of their spectral marriage. Yes—mad though it now seems to me—at that moment I believed in the truth of the old Egyptian belief in the Doubles and it was this which brought me to the final realization that I was now—and forever to be—more jealous of Roger and Mora Bell in death than I had ever been in life and that I must save them from death at any cost.

I need not relate the repeated journey—made in frantic haste and terror lest I be too late—in the early dawn of day back to the scenes of the evening before, for it was only that which awaited me in the tomb that concerns us now. After I had crept again through the shaft—horrified that no sound of life greeted me—and reached the further end, where the dim light still shone,

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I found awaiting me in the sepulchral vault of the Queen Nitocris, an amazing, inconceivable sight.

Mora Bell was sitting upon the stone floor amid masses of papyri, a portion of them in her hands which she was absorbed in reading. Beside her was lying the unrolled mummy of the Queen, blackened, curled and spidery, with gold plates on its claw-fingers and toes and with long wisps of ruddy hair around the wizened skull with its beak of a nose, hollow sockets and mouth like a grinning wrinkle. It lay upon a pile of cloth amid a gorgeous array of treasure, gold, silver and flashing gems. On the other side of the vault was the figure of Roger, prostrate upon his back, one arm cast over his eyes, his mouth open like that of a man asleep, but upon his breast the white linen was saturated with blood and nearby there lay a jeweled dagger, blood-stained.

Mora Bell looked up and saw me. She jumped to her feet and flew to my arms, crying childishly:

"Oh, I knew—I knew you would come back to me!"

"What has happened?" I asked, designating Roger.

Mora Bell clung more closely to me and averted her face.

"Do not ask me.—But I suppose I must tell you.—*He—Roger—is my brother.*—Forgive him, Dyer! He is not dead. Thank God I did not kill him! But I had to strike him to protect myself against his *love.*"

She spoke the last word with unutterable scorn.

She hid her face on my shoulder a while, and then looked up at me with tremulous mouth and eyes that smiled with the starlight of the mind.

"Dyer, I have made the most wonderful discovery to-night. I have discovered that Queen Nitocris *did* build the third pyramid!"

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ART, PROMISE, AND FAILURE

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

IT is a heartening thing to observe the interest displayed in the exhibition of Chinese art at the Montross Gallery. It may mark a shifting of public attention away from the usually shallow admiration of the drawings of Japan to a conscientious study of the really great art of the East—the Chinese. Of late years we have been surfeited with innumerable prints of the painters and draughtsmen of secondary inspiration, whose work is wholly decorative and seldom reveals an *arrière pensée* for purely æsthetic emotion. Japanese plaques, panels, screens, vases, prints, wind-bells, dolls and tea-sets have become so familiar to us through tea houses, auction rooms, curio stores, *brocanteurs'* shops and bourgeois interiors, that we no longer pay serious heed to them, but accept them as an established factor of our visual existence. All these things are indicative of the adulterated taste of the dilettante in art, and shadow forth, as no other manifestation has ever done, the adolescence of appreciation reached by persons who enjoy art *en passant.*

On the other hand, we have seen far too little of the art expression of the Chinese. They were the puissant masters of linear form of the Orient, as well as the organizers of volume expressed by tone and line. Besides, they were the far-East artists whose work expressed most intensely the philosophic spirit of their nation. When we compare the inherent and conscious artistry of a Ririomin with the little more than decorative *souci* of a Hokusai, we can at once sense the difference between the femininenes of art expression in Japan, and the profound and thoughtful impulses of older China. The Montross show holds much of interest and instruction, such as no artist or genuine lover of art could afford to miss. However, these pictures are most unequal in merit: some of them impress me as mere bits of clever craftsmanship—imitations of misunderstood greatness. But the vital work is there, and can be found without difficulty.

What an impression of crudeness we receive when we turn

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from the linearly simple, yet rhythmically complex, paintings of these masters, to the infantile expression of the newer movements of to-day! From Chinese art to Picasso seems a long step. Yet the impulses underlying both are the same, despite temperament, epoch, nationality and medium. What the Chinese did wonderfully and unsurpassably with line, the masters of the Renaissance did with line-volume and tone; and what such titans as Rubens, Rembrandt, El Greco, Giotto, Tintoretto and Titian perfected by new discoveries and deeper analyses, has come down to us to-day, made more beautiful, more significant and pure, in the first bloom of a new cycle's primary expression. To hold that the art of to-day (and by the art of to-day I mean the work done by the men who have not been seduced by the poesy and sentimentality of optical photography, but who are in process of creating new concrete symbols wherewith to express psychological and æsthetic principles)—to hold that this new art is as developed as the art of India, China, Italy or even Japan, would be to indulge in grotesque enthusiasm. But I do hold that from the art of to-day there have sprung authentic masterpieces which are not dependent on means alone, but on basic conceptions—works, in fact, which, by their very complexity and the consciosity of their outlook, and by the high intensity of the emotion they evoke, are greater than scores of canvases painted by the older men whose names are household words—names which, through constant reiteration by museum guides and academic critics, have come to be regarded as sacred. Out of this friction of movements and struggles, of recriminations and pamphleteering, the spark of complete regeneration will arise and make viable an art, which, forty years ago, was nine-tenths dead.

The prophecy runs that this great war will wipe out these new "isms" and "cults" and leave the old, the glorious, the traditional, once more supreme. These new theories of unrest will seem trivial even to their originators, so say our modern Elijahs. But let us, for a moment, recall the abuse that was hurled at the Impressionists just before 1870. The same reactionary cries we hear to-day were abroad in the land then. The Franco-Prussian war, so the world was told, would do away with the absurd and impossible efforts of Pissarro and Cézanne.

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But what actually happened? The worthless academism was cleaned out, and the vitality of the new men was strengthened. That war utterly relegated the claptrap of the schools to the schools themselves, and such prophets as Cabanel, Bouguereau and Benjamin Constant awoke to find their words a mockery. I realize fully that there will always be those who prefer pleasurable torpor to mental activity, and who will find their delight in Botticelli and Vermeer. There will always be those who will listen to Tschaikowsky and Chopin in preference to Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms. And so will there ever exist those untutored brains which will react enthusiastically to Manet, Japanese prints and poetic German symbolism in art. But the great world of high æsthetic endeavor is moving on along the lines of its inevitable evolution, and each day it is gathering impetus and increasing its area of achievement, despite the blind men and defectives in its path.

A well-known critic recently said that all this "crazy stuff" (meaning modern painting) was on its last legs when he was in Europe. Well, I have been in Europe since he was—in fact, I was there for eight months after the outbreak of the war—and I found that those "last legs" were growing stronger every day. I saw Matisse, back from the front for a few days, and he desires nothing so much as to be at work again. Morgan Russell is now doing his best pictures in Paris. Delaunay fled to Spain so as to paint in peace. Picasso is still busy. Picabia, Duchamp, Nadelmann and many more have come to America to pursue their studies. Everywhere I went I found enthusiasm and heard glowing plans for post-bellum exhibitions. The "war number" of *Blast* was just recently issued, as vortiginous and "crazy" as ever. Only in academic quarters does any cloud seem to have settled. History is repeating itself, not only as to the prophecies, but as to their falsity. Let this critic who predicts the downfall of modern painting ask Mr. Alfred Stieglitz if there is any noticeable diminution in the enthusiasm of the new artists for the new work. Mr. Stieglitz is in a position to know. There is twice as much modern painting being shown in America now as there was a year ago. Just last month we witnessed the two best exhibitions of modern work by Americans

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ever seen in this country. This month I am writing of four one-man exhibitions of the new painting, three of which are at galleries that a few years ago would have repudiated the work they are now heralding. Van Gogh is also to be seen, and by the time these words are in print Cézanne's water-colors, the most advanced of that painter's accomplishments, will be on exhibition. Then there are other "modern" shows, some already on the walls and others booked for the near future, which are crowding out the old-fashioned academic painters who swamped us a few seasons back. Furthermore, there is a movement on foot to permit all artists of any ability to expose freely and without cost to themselves at many galleries! In truth, the "last legs" are sturdy and are growing daily. Let no one be deceived by those yearners for the past, who, with the self-complacency of ignorance, tell you that youth is dead, that achievement is over, and that high striving is lunacy.

Last month I spoke of two pictures by Man Ray and said that his color was not displeasing. This month I have seen a whole exhibition of his works, and can say further that his color is at times most pleasing. Indeed, it is rich in those colorful and attractive greys which have come to be an etiquette with numerous members of the newer schools. That there are several different inspirations in Ray's works is of importance only to the æsthetician. With this painter they indicate a striving for greater significance of expression in the bending of certain methods to his own ends. He is an artist in process. There is nothing final about any one of his pictures. He is searching for an ultimate personal expression, and his influences are sufficiently unconscious to permit of the retention of his self-respect. He has garnered much from reproductions but what he has absorbed will, in time, free him from the shackles of the student, for it will teach him the things he should avoid. After all, an art education is necessary only to point out to the serious painter the faults of his teacher and to force a clear way through the quagmire of others' mistakes. I believe Man Ray will take this personal route to good work, even though at present he is handicapped by an ignorance of the fundamental principles of all great æsthetic expression.

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What we sorely need is a school of instruction in composition, or a book, replete with diagrams, explaining to artists the foundation on which all true art is built, and why. Such text-books as we now have are, without exception, superficial, objective and injurious. They mistake pattern for form, delimited spaces for volumes, outlines for lines, balance for composition, surface harmony for organization, and two-dimensioned linear sequence for rhythm. Not one of these books has touched on composition which goes deeper than Japanese art and the mosaicists of Ravenna. Even Clive Bell's *Art* halts on the hither side of the simplest profundity. Lacking such a guide to the rational basis of his efforts, the painter strays into the half-light of transcendental theories, and all his life he struggles with imaginary spectres. The lesson that all these modern men must learn is the oldest in painting and, indeed, in any of the arts: namely, that æsthetic emotion is possible only from a reaction to tactile form. Scientists and psychologists like Lipps, Karl Groos, Titchener, Külpe and Fechner have, through innumerable experimentations, made impossible any denial of this conjecture. *Æsthetische Einfühlung* (Lipps), *Innere Nachahmung,* and *Æsthetisches Miterleben* (Groos) are no longer speculative phrases, but specific explanations of the organic functions of emotional apperception. The superficial sentiment aroused by familiar scenes or dramatic arrangements are only the pale reflexes of the intense drama of everyday existence. It is alone from the plastically perfect ordination of volumes that æsthetic empathy springs. Mere distortion or novelty has only the passing attraction of curiosity.

Unhappily, many men, such as Davies and Walt Kuhn, think that a peculiar surface makes for significant art, that a picture done in pure color and containing bizarre deformities constitutes newness. The same error animates modern prosody. Incompetent prose writers are rapidly becoming poets to-day because of the seeming latitude permitted them by *vers libre.* You may turn to any popular magazine and find disintegrated prose masquerading as poetry. Yet, these abortive adversaria are no more senseless than the majority of "modern" paintings. Their authors have merely mistaken a new order of government for

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anarchy. Perhaps it is this idea of art anarchy—also believed in by the public—that has stood in the way of a more intelligent appreciation of the new forms. The average spectator, believing modern painting to be chaotic, imagines it easy to do. The reverse, however, is the truth. No old painting is more tightly drawn together than are some Picassos; no subject of the masters fits its frame better than in a Matisse; and the relations of forms and lines in a Cézanne are as intricate and complex as in a Rubens. But, because of shallow imitators, who have no knowledge of what they are doing and who rush into modernity merely to keep themselves in the spotlight, the public has come to look upon the new movements as incredible nonsense, and therefore as something to be laughed at.

That Ray imitates is no sign that he will always imitate, for back of his eclecticism is a marked degree of comprehension. Some of his smaller canvases recall, as to color and forms, the pre-Cubist work of Picasso. They do not possess the stupendous *commodité de la main* that the Spaniard possesses, but they are competent admirations of that great leader. In other of his pictures, one divines the fact that Ray has at one time admired Picabia but has quickly passed beyond him, for, let it be said, his work is more artistic than Picabia's. He is still treating his form from an objective standpoint, that is; he deals with nature, distorted, simplified, arranged and flattened. In some pictures he has striven for the linear fluctuations caused by angles precipitated toward each other. In others, he has sensed the instability of normal sight and the impossibility of painting objectivity by reproducing its silhouette, and has tried, by using a double outline, to achieve a two-eyed vision which will envelop his subject. This optical problem, which has been worrying artists since da Vinci's statement of it in his *Trattato della Pittura,* was solved in Cézanne by the use of color as a functionating element. In still other of Ray's canvases, such as the one reproduced in his catalogue, he has harkened to the injunctions of Futurism, and has made the usual sequence of movements so dear to Severini and Boccioni and so effectively manipulated by Picabia. In all of such pictures there is a prettiness of decoration which, when Ray has progressed further, will disappear and give place to volume.

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At present they reveal clumsiness of line and visual heaviness. Subjectively, there is no weight and counter-weight.

I believe that criticism should be neither a hunting for faults nor a panegyric over good qualities, but rather a cool and rational exposition of an artist's merits and defects and, if the efforts merit it, an indication of the way which leads to a larger conception and a more profound vision. Ray most certainly deserves such criticism. His talent and avidity and experimental curiosity are a healthy sign of unrest and an eloquent expression of a desire to move forward. As he stands now, his color is meaningless, save as rich pattern. His forms are, as he himself admits, two-dimensional; and while such works as No. 17 are childish, and there is no excuse for pictures like Nos. 30, 29 and 14, there are in his exhibition charming frames that show great talent: I speak particularly of his landscapes, Nos. 24 and 27. But Ray must not forget that, besides balance of line, there must also be balance of every element of his color. In some of his works the richness of color has run into a uniformly hot scheme which loses all attraction after the first dazzling glance. He is, though, far more chromatically sensitive than Stern, whose outline is like stretched wire and just about as æsthetically satisfying; and if his great promise can be headed toward organization, we may expect significant things from him later on.

To switch our attention from Man Ray to the exhibition by Lachman at the Reinhardt galleries is a dreary and depressing operation. In Lachman we have a painter of very small talent, one whose work breathes a decadent self-content and is singularly free from æsthetic or artistic ideas. He is an Impressionist, with all the heaviness and insensitivity of a Germanic Bazille. He apparently has sat long before nature, and, while struggling with the means which were so exquisitely sensitive in the hands of Monet, he seems to have been unable to forget the chromolithographs that might have hung in the parlor of his boyhood home. He has achieved what I have always thought impossible, namely: painting impressionistically and recording none of the atmosphere of the out-of-doors.

During the past five years I have seen thousands of works which are better in Lachman's own style, works more sensitive

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and more talented. This painter appears to have reached a definite goal of his own setting where he has decided to rest his experimental labors. In his expression there is exhibited no desire to progress, no indication, in fact, that he is cognizant that there is room to evolve. His technical accomplishments impress one with the belief that beneath them lurks that complacency which only a complete ignorance of profound art can produce. His exhibition is well worth seeing, if only as an example of the quicksands into which a meagre, misdirected talent will lead. The diluted "poetry" of Leon Dabo's Whistlerian poster-pictures constitutes a similar warning to analytic painters. In the skating-pond of artistic endeavor, Lachman and Dabo are the danger-posts. There is an intelligent movement afloat to woo inartistic painters from "high art" to craftsmanship, and it would be well for many of our native artists to heed the call of the profound Doctor who instigated the movement.

Last month I had occasion to speak of Davey, who had a canvas in the Montross show, as softly poetic and Englishly sentimental. Since then I have seen a room of Daveys, and my original opinion has been strengthened. Davey comes to us from Henri, who is descended from Manet, who in turn comes from Velazquez. In the evolution from Velazquez to Davey, Franz Hals has put in appearance also. His *progressus* follows that line of painting which exists for the sake of medium and character—a once powerful and salutary performance. Its need has gone now, however; its duty is done; but its embers still glow in the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. Davey, I believe, will be its last exponent to achieve fame. I was dumbfounded, when I first viewed this collection of his works at the Macbeth Gallery, to see what, to me, appears to be an accumulation in one man of all those qualities held dear by "society" as well as by the bourgeoisie. The unthinking "patrons of art" admire the simple reverberators of emotion like Manet, although he is a little austere. They like Henri, although he is a trifle brutal. They like Hals, despite his flagrant vulgarity. Velazquez comes very near being perfect to these people, although he could be more democratic.

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Davey possesses what these other painters lack. He is not brutal, but pretty and tender like a feminized and weaker Henri. He is not vulgar, but has a veneer of daintiness not dissimilar to the lace cover on milady's dressing-table. Furthermore, his art is democratic. He has just the adequate refinement, the necessary charm, the requisite plebeian appeal which will satisfy the wealthy buyers' craving for likenesses of themselves about the walls. Davey's color, they will no doubt argue, makes him modern; therefore they will suffer no qualms about their tastes being reactionary. Needless to say, his works, æsthetically, are inferior to their inspirations. They lack the accentuation of salient traits, known as "character," so sought after by the potential Sargents in the Art Students' Leagues. They certainly are not painted so well as a Velazquez; and the acute vitality of Hals is never present. As patterns, they fall far short of Manet. And yet, these shortcomings will never be noticed, because Davey possesses that strong quality which dazzles and blinds the critic and buyer alike—the quality of gloss and finish, large brush strokes, and prettiness of effect. Even so, they are more emotional than the much overrated Speicher and the swashbuckling Bellows. I predict for Davey a great demand. He has undoubtedly chosen painting as a profession, and he has succeeded in his profession. Mr. William Chase, whose mustachios, I am inclined to believe, are as noted as his high lights, should look to his laurels. It will take all his ancient force to keep popular step with this new disciple of the people's taste.

In the next room Hayley Lever is shown. This "advanced" painter is an Impressionist who retains much academism; and his disguise of raucous and inharmonious color cannot hide this patent fact. Here we have more "effects," though not pretty like Davey's. Some of his water-colors are so metallic in their color that they recall Signac's pseudo-scientific canvases; and his technique occasionally brings to mind the enthusiastic hashures of the crazy Van Gogh.

At "291" we have a man of entirely different calibre. Bluemner is a serious searcher after reality. For this, let us praise him. He is working out a problem which he says will take him twenty years to solve. His problem is to express, by

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abstract means, an almost photographic representation of nature's effect on us. Already he has undoubtedly made advances towards his goal. My first impression, on entering the room, was one of being before a number of colored photographs. Not that his works in any way resemble photographs; but such is the flashing reaction got from them. His painting is done in broad planes of almost pure pigments, heavily outlined and tonally contrasted. His themes are all landscapes in which are houses and streams and factories. His color, as such, is unpleasant, and his drawing insensitive, although he feels an emotion before his subject. For Bluemner there is little criticism possible. He is in process and, as yet, has not entered fully upon his life route. The most we receive from his work now is a sense of sincerity in purpose. This, of course, is not enough.

Many critics hold that good intentions are interesting and that, when a man expresses personality of vision, he is of importance. This is too broad and elastic a precept for one to go on. The opinions of all people may differ slightly from those of their neighbors, but if one spent his time searching out and listening to these petty divergencies, he would undoubtedly die in ignorance. So it is with painters. The *significance* of opinions is all that should interest us—the result of an artist's directed creative ability, his greatness of expression. The mere truth of a thing does not, in all cases, arouse our admiration. If one should convoke the populace to a great amphitheatre in order to expound the fact that New York City is in the State of New York, or that houses were generally erected for the sake of habitation and storage, the populace, while recognizing the truth of such statements, would only resent the impertinence of the man who had wasted their time.

The sincerity of some painters is analogous. Their ideas are their own greatest joy; and if the results in concrete expression are not inherently great or interesting, why should their weakness be condoned and their intentions apotheosized? What is demanded of art is not good intentions, but significant results; and Bluemner has not yet arrived at these results. It is understood, of course, that he deserves less obloquy than the facile men who paint as a trade; but are these latter performers not

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beneath consideration? A man who is frankly a craftsman and does not pretend to "art" is far more useful and productive: he at least gives something in return for his pay-envelope. The men who stand in the way of serious artists, masquerading as creators and scoffing at the things they do not understand, are merely impostors. Let us scorn failure, recognize sincerity, respect promise and revere achievement.

Among the purely artistic illustrative works of the world, synthetic as to mental attitude toward both subject-matter and treatment, few stand higher than those of Gauguin. Literary, as all these works necessarily are, his are merely starting-points, impetuses toward flights of the imagination on the part of the spectator—flights in which there is a yearning for hot, tropical foliage, adventures in unfamiliar lands, the spell of exotic countries, the allurement of strange peoples. Gauguin made his pictures with this psychological desire ever in mind. Consequently, they are highly emotional. To compete with an artist like this Indian-Frenchman on his own ground, even though one be a better artist, is a thankless enough task. But to attempt to run parallel with him when one lacks all his bigness and freedom and liberty and has only a small talent for pattern, is worse than futile.

This latter task is just what Stephen Haweis has set himself. In his exhibition at the Berlin Photographic Gallery there are 124 works in oil and water-color, ranging from servile imitations of Whistler to inspirations from the early juvenile work of the Italian Futurists. Haweis cannot be criticized from the standpoint of significant painting, although his preface would lead one to believe he aims at profound work. Always he is the dainty, light-fingered illustrator, more at home in water-color than in the more masculine medium of oils. Some of his work has, strangely enough, the whimsical prettiness of the fairy-book illustrations of Arthur Rackham. His drawing of the human figure has been conned from the prints of the Japanese. It has become with him a facile trick, a repetitious operation that is little better than a habit of linear pronunciation. In the application of these tricks, Haweis's simplifications are always the same (how unlike Matisse!); and they are devoid of æsthetic

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interest because they are simple and nothing more. When we see his expressed love for the Japanese Whistler, Condor, the fan maker, and Rackham we know immediately the quality of his temperament and talent.

Such pictures as *Florentine Gardens* and *Papeete at Night* serve only to accentuate his feminine gift of charm and attractiveness—a gift, alas! too common among Anglo-Saxons and highly decadent Latins. When Haweis tries to depict light he fails because of his lack of fearlessness in using bold colors. The beautiful fishes and sea vegetation of which he speaks in his pamphlet, are, as a general rule, painted in greys, and, as a result, we receive little idea of their purity and beauty. In his more advanced frames, where he has cut palms trees and multiplied arms for the sake of kinematic movement, his vision is crude and chaotic. Will painters never learn that only through subjective processes can movement be expressed on a static surface? Haweis's undersea effects fall short even of Sorolla's, and some of his water-colors, when similar to Homer's, are not in a class with the latter painter. It must be admitted, however, that some of his work has impelling charm in a flat, pretty and insignificant way, and that it is admirably adapted to fans, screens and vases. In this line of applied craftsmanship Haweis would do some exquisite things; and I cannot help hoping that the time will come when I shall see these useful articles made more beautiful than they are to-day by the men of such genuine talent as Haweis undoubtedly has for this task.

In the past I have written much against Van Gogh, and yet after struggling through the cloying prettiness and stupid diableries of some recent American painters, the work of this Dutchman comes as a welcome respite. A great artist—no! But a colossus, none the less, when compared with the Zorachs, the Sterns, the Lachmans, the Speichers and the Haweises. There are some excellent examples of his work now on view at the Modern Gallery—a very early study of a peasant woman, like an Israels, but far better, and not dissimilar to a Daumier; a landscape full of air and enthusiasm, done toward the tragic end; a large portrait of a woman, one of his very best canvases; and another landscape, a snow scene, which is like a more solid

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and impetuous Monet. For those who care to rest in the shadow of secondary greatness and high fervor this little gallery is a mecca. At least Van Gogh had convictions and was not a stodgy imitator of others. His faults were not children of a mind which followed inferior men. He knew what he wanted to do, and achieved his end. That it was not greater is not due to an ignorant harking after false gods, but because his goal was the highest one his fanatical mind could visualize. His great love of concrete nature as an unsurpassable reflection of the divine will, was his conscious æsthetic stumbling-block. He had force, but it was the force of personality and enthusiasm, not of the intelligence. As a man we must love and pity him. As an artist, he was a fanatic who, through lack of other outlets, chose painting as a safety-valve for a deep and unorganized emotion.

Of Child Hassam, the ardent devotee of the generation of 1870, there is little to say, save that he is the best of his clan to be seen in this country. He has just as much composition as most of his predecessors, and his color adheres to the gamut of Monet. I, for one, have grown tired of those pictorial approximations to nature's cliffs and waves and woods, from which the profounder artistic qualities are absent. Personally, I prefer a good photograph or, still better, nature at first-hand. Impressionism has outgrown its utility, not to say its originality. The study of light, once so necessary to naturalistic decoration, has been completed forever by Renoir. Hassam's work will bring back the familiar scenes of European galleries of twenty years ago.

But what possible excuse can painters advance for clinging to the antiquated methods of an experimental era which has served its usefulness? Impressionism was but a step in the evolution of new means—a preoccupation with the problems of *pleinairisme*. I cannot imagine anyone to-day choosing to cross the western desert in a canvas-top pioneer wagon when a luxurious transcontinental railway is available. Yet, the adherence to the primitive means of a defunct art epoch is no mere reactionary. All true art aims to express the same æsthetic emotion through rhythmic forms, and when a painter has access to methods which will intensify his expression, he is denying progress

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and handicapping his vision when he refuses to make use of them. We are still receiving books on the Barbizon school! And many of our most talented painters are unaware that Impressionism is a corpse. I doubt if, in any other line of human endeavor, there exists so colossal and abysmal an ignorance of the underlying factors of progress. We are in the midst of the splendid beginnings of a new Renaissance in art—an epoch whose means and discoveries have opened the door on an infinitude of possibilities. But painters are still clinging to a musty and unvital past, serenely unconscious of the great march of events. Let our young men, just blossoming into the strength of their talent, heed the signs.

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UNDERSTANDING GERMANY*

MAX EASTMAN

PERHAPS the most important thing we can do in America at this moment is to understand Germany. Most of us, who are not of German birth, desire the defeat of the Kaiser's arms. And we desire this because we love liberty, and the German people do not seem to love it. They submit themselves devotedly to an imperial master, and they live in an atmosphere of negative commandments under the rule of a feudal caste. We dread lest their victory should mean the spreading of that atmosphere and that way of living over the world.

It is not to be doubted, however, that the babies of Germany are born with as strong a love of liberty as the babies of Anglo-Saxondom. They are not of a different race. What we call races, in our loose conversation and journalism, are not races at all, but merely groups of people who live under certain traditional ideas. And the people who live under German ideas have the same native desire to feel free that we have.

Luther is worshipped in Germany as the champion of liberty for the individual conscience against the dictates of the Roman Church. Goethe's *Faust* is the classic of the mind's liberation from dogmatic scholarship. Kant's philosophy is a monumental apparatus for establishing "God, freedom and immortality" in the face of mathematical law and the causal determinism of modern science. Schiller's "Hymn to Liberty" is almost a domestic song. Heine cast loose from every bond that he could think of in his day. And Nietzsche thought of more. He cast loose from the bond of Christian ethics. There is no fuller record of the ideal love of liberty than is furnished by these heroes of Germany's culture. And until we feel ourselves kindred to the Germans in this deep impulse, we shall not understand them.

When a man loves a woman, and he can not have her in the fashion of the flesh, he becomes so much the more enamored of her spirit, and builds up a little universe of ideal and emotional experience in which she is the queen. It was so that Dante loved

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Beatrice. It was so that the mediæval saints loved the Mother of God. It is so that the Germans love liberty.

Through accident or the caprice of history, and not through any quality of their nature, the German people have issued into the new age, with the bonds of feudalism still on them. Because the King of Prussia had a domain of his own, and did not depend upon them for money support, his barons never united in handing him a Magna Charta. Because commerce and the industrial arts were so late to flourish there, the *bourgeois* wealth of Prussia never yet marshaled the common people in one of those democratic revolutions that altered the face of politics in England and France. Through the exigencies of international war for survival, it became imperative for the freer states, and the republican cities, within German territory to unite under Prussia as under an imperial power. For such reasons as these it happened that all those north European kindred of ours, with their emotional love of liberty, became patriotic members of an empire which subjects them to its own ends, the ends of a feudal nobility in Prussia.

Is it not natural that a people who love liberty as we do, and yet are induced by the accidents of their evolution to pay honor of devotion to such a government, should manufacture their liberty in an ideal world of the spirit? And having manufactured, must they not inevitably overassert its glories? It seems to me quaintly characteristic of all human nature that these people, dwelling beside us under a feudal authority, should suggest to themselves that the intense spirituality of their freedom is the mark of a superior race. There was never a disappointed lover who did not congratulate his soul upon its soulfulness. There was never a consecrated saint who escaped entirely the mood of self-righteousness. It is by such analogies that we in America can understand the zeal with which patriotic subjects of an emperor march out to death believing that they defend a freedom of the soul of man which is the unique heritage of their "race."

The master expression of the German attitude to life is the philosophy of Immanuel Kant, expounded in two books the detailed understanding of which is in itself a liberal profession.

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John Dewey, in his "German Philosophy and Politics," says: "It is a precarious undertaking to single out some one thing in German philosophy as of typical importance in understanding German national life. Yet I am committed to the venture. My conviction is that we have its root idea in the doctrine of Kant concerning the two realms, one outer, physical and necessary, the other inner, ideal and free. To this we must add that in spite of their separateness and independence, the primacy always lies with the inner. As compared with this, the philosophy of a Nietzsche, to which so many resort at the present time for explanation of what seems to them otherwise inexplicable, is but a superficial and transitory wave of opinion. Surely the chief mark of distinctively German civilization is its combination of *self-conscious idealism* with unsurpassed *technical efficiency* and organization in the varied fields of action."

This statement of the heart of German philosophy, with the rest that you will find in John Dewey's little book, extends that avenue to an understanding of Germany which opened in our recognizing that German people have the same instinctive nature that we have. It tells us by what mighty edifices of intellectuality and art they have sought to satisfy that nature. And if we enter these structures with sympathy, we can see how easily we too should have become laboriously soulful in our attainment of the feeling of freedom, if we had not been blessed with that little modicum of "civil liberty" upon which we have so long exercised our love. For this subtle interior device by which the mind compensates with a theory when the body is disappointed of a fact, is not peculiar to any people. It is a universal trick of man's nature. It is the key to most systems of philosophy.

There is another theory, too, and another fact which helps the people of Germany to enjoy their kind of freedom. The theory is that the state is a good in itself, more important than the destiny of any number of individuals. The state is created by the individuals using themselves as material, and the very best thing that can befall an individual is to become the material of a noble and harmonious state. And this theory has been so well employed by the ruling classes in Prussia, that almost any German who is not a revolutionist will tell you, as Professor

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Münsterberg does, that he *is* absolutely and really free, but he chooses in his freedom to make the aims of the state paramount to his own.

A professor in a German university who is very fond of ultra-modern music refrained from attending a celebrated opera because his emperor (emperor of his university) had withheld approval from it. He attended the opera in Paris. But he was eager to explain to the Parisians that in not attending in Berlin he was acting as a free agent who loved the ideal of an ordered state.

We need not imagine that this ideal would be so much loved in Germany, however, if the state were not exceedingly *well* ordered. And that is the material fact, which makes all these rather insubstantial ideals acceptable to so many. The ruling caste in Germany have known how not only to preach the theory of well-being in a disciplined state—every ruling caste has done that—but they have been wise enough actually to produce a little of the well-being. And that is the triumph they are celebrating now. The masses of the people are better off in Germany than they are anywhere else. The government is authoritative, but also it is social. As Frederic C. Howe says of the worker: "His education, his health, and his working efficiency are matters of constant concern. He is carefully protected from accident by laws and regulations governing factories. He is trained in his hand and in his brain to be a good workman and is insured against accident, sickness, and old age. When idle through no fault of his own, work is frequently found for him. When homeless, a lodging is offered so that he will not easily pass to the vagrant class. When sick, he is cared for in wonderful convalescent homes, tuberculosis hospitals, and farm colonies. When old age removes him from the mill or the factory, a pension awaits him." And this policy of the German state has been knowingly adopted by its rulers, in order to deaden the demand of hundreds of thousands of their people for a more realistic liberty.

"His majesty hopes," said the speech from the throne in 1881, "that the measure [accident insurance] will in principle receive the assent of the federal governments, and that it will

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be welcomed by the Reichstag as a complement of the legislation affording protection against Social-Democratic movements."

Whether this people continue to conquer or come finally to the end of their power, they have already demonstrated their superior energy and capability in united action. They have taught the value of popular welfare insured by a centralized government to those who wish to rule in any country. Care for your people if you want them to fight. Care for them if you want them to work. It pays. That is a policy of German culture that will become the common heritage of the world, whatever way the war goes. That policy not only the Social-Democrats in Germany, but the lovers of real liberty in all countries, will have to meet and understand.

It is not beyond possibility that, with a sufficient advance in material welfare and "social consciousness," the masses of the people in our own country might be led to substitute a liberty that was merely political form and historic emotion, for the true independence which is economic. Such independence for the masses is not yet established in any country. It is our task for the future. We have to construct a true and a free society out of the conflict of that state-socialism, attended by paternal discipline, which is the political contribution of Germany to the world, and that individualistic capitalism, attended by want and misery, which is the contribution of England. For this reason it behooves us to understand Germany.

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THE UNDESIRED

ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

AN unloved burden carried through the weary months. . . .
Another babe,
Unwelcome, undesired,
To drink the bitter milk
From a reluctant, meagre breast;
To suck in with the scant, thin stream
The poison bred of loathing
And the hot shame
Of motherhood defiled;
To come in time to know the look of grey despair
In the dull eyes,
The sullen resignation
Of the spiritless, broken thing
That suffers numbly with no outward sign.

Nothing of joy in that life at her heart,
Nothing of sweet, dear planning, holy awe,
For the great miracle of love made flesh;
No high inheritance of dreams,
No warm and yearning arms—
Only the mother-cry of agony,
And the worn face that looks . . . and turns away.

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THE MIND OF THE SOLDIER

*A Study in the Psychology of the Combatant, Based on First-hand Documents and Interviews.**

HEREWARD CARRINGTON

OF what does the soldier going into battle *think?* During those long, weary weeks of waiting and watching in the trenches, what occupies the soldier's mind? What feelings animate him when he attacks—when he fires, charges, or runs his bayonet into the quivering flesh of an antagonist? These are questions universally asked, but rarely answered! Yet their answer would provide us with unique and valuable scientific knowledge—would supply a chapter in the psychology of the human mind never before opened.

In our endeavor to answer the questions we have just asked it will be necessary for us to go back to a period prior to the opening of hostilities, while peace yet reigned in the world (how long ago it seems!), for in this way only can we trace the gradual transition which takes place in a man's mind,—transforming him from a "civilian" to a "soldier"—and trace the subtle change from the civilian-consciousness to the soldier-consciousness.

In one sense, it may be said that the present war was precipitated upon Europe so suddenly that one had hardly time to realize it before war was upon the stricken land; half Germany's

* [NOTE.—The facts contained in the following article may be relied upon as being absolutely authentic,—having been obtained at first hand from soldiers on the field or in the trenches; or from wounded men who had just returned from the front,—before their minds had had a chance to become confused and "contaminated" by the semi-civil life into which they had been re-plunged. I have based this article partly upon such personal investigations, and partly upon the splendid work of M. J.-M. Lahy, who wrote primarily upon the French soldier. The soldiers questioned fought in the first battles in Belgium, on the Meuse, the Marne and the Aisne; in the Argonne and Champagne. It would have been impossible for them to have created or to have imagined these accounts,—particularly the men who were wounded, and whose minds were still confused and weakened by the strain they had undergone. Moreover, the agreement and unanimity proves their authenticity. I believe I am safe in saying that this article gives the first detailed and authentic account of the psychology of the soldier which has yet appeared, and that it portrays with scientific accuracy the psychology of the combatant under modern conditions of warfare. H. C.]

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plan and power lay in striking quickly! Yet, for some days prior to the opening of hostilities, the tension had been rapidly growing between the opposing countries, and it was becoming more and more evident that a peaceful settlement was not likely or possible. This found its response in a like tension in the mind of our potential soldier; and this tension grew as events became more exciting,—until finally he began "to fizz inside like a bottle of champagne," as one soldier expressed it. The order for mobilization and the ensuing declaration of war came almost as a relief. Emotions had reached their most exalted state; the psychological tension had reached the "exploding point," and a state of "mental equilibrium" was found to ensue when this tension was removed,—by certainty, instead of uncertainty,—conviction rather than rumor. From that moment, when the civilian donned his soldier's clothes, and cast his life into the scales, began a subtle change in his consciousness; the individual became submerged, to a certain extent, in society, in the state; *he ceased to be an important element in the community*; henceforward he was merely a cog in the wheel, an infinitesimal speck in the vast human machine which had just begun to move.

From that moment, our soldier enters upon a new life. Little by little, as we shall see, the world he has left fades from his view, and even from his memory. The past becomes blurred and unreal. The present—the vital present—assumes the place of unique importance. The simple and strict life, the monotony of repeated acts done over and over again, the discipline, the constant straining of the senses, the clouding of the finer sensibilities, the continued fight for life, the lack of all truly intellectual stimulation or companionship, the lack of any possibility of initiative or individual action—so frequent and important in our daily lives—all tend to reduce the mental activities to their lowest possible level, and induce a state of simple childishness and even vacuity which is strongly in contrast to the state of the same man's mind under normal, civil conditions.

Man's hereditary personality is deep-rooted and deep-seated. But he is greatly influenced and changed by exterior conditions and circumstances. His personality may, in fact, be said to be the result of the interplay between his exterior environment and

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his interior being. As these external circumstances alter, so the man is found to alter also—quickly or gradually, according to the mental make-up of the individual soldier. But he is changed under all circumstances. He must be! And, in the case of the common soldier, this change is profound. No environmental change in his life has ever been so vast and so radical as this. Army manœuvres, which approached it the most nearly, were but feeble in comparison,—and brief rather than protracted. Nothing can disturb the existing environment as war does. For here the surrounding country is destitute, desolate, burned; the railways are torn up; buildings are razed, crops destroyed, and every semblance of order and civilization gone. Nothing short of actual war can possibly imitate this, even faintly. It is a different world; and this in turn creates a different mental world in the being dwelling in such an altered zone.

As one leaves the life of the city, and approaches the front, one passes through two spheres or "zones." The foremost is the "war-zone," which gradually shades off into the "civil zone," as the rear of the first zone is approached. Insensibly they shade off into one another. When a wounded soldier leaves the firing-line and is transported to the rear, he passes from the war-zone to the civil-zone, and notices the difference at once. At the same time, he carries the atmosphere of the former zone with him (if newly arrived), and particularly is this the case if he is badly wounded, and has had no opportunity of observing the gradual stages of transition through which he has passed. One can see from this, then, the importance of obtaining interviews with soldiers *at once,* upon their return from the front,—for they would be apt, otherwise, to begin to change immediately in their viewpoints, on again emerging into normal life, in the civil zone of activities.

As the soldier leaves the civil zone, on the contrary, and passes to the front, everything becomes altered for him. He notices the altered conditions of the country. Women and children become more and more scarce, and finally disappear altogether. Civil life vanishes; only military life is anywhere encountered. Everyone he meets thinks as he does, about the same subjects, in the same way; everyone is dressed alike; every-

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one's thought runs in the same narrow groove. There is no longer the clash of opinion, the interchange of rival thoughts. Gradually, imperceptibly, the images and thoughts of ordinary civil life begin to fade; thoughts of home, wife, friends, even, begin to grow dim and recede in the memory. The present, the vital present, occupies and grips the mind. Intellect gives way to sense impressions. The mind of the civilian has given place to that of the combatant. Henceforth, we must study the mind of the soldier as a thing apart,—as separate and distinct from that of any other human being. He both thinks and acts differently from any other man on the face of the earth.

In studying the psychology of the soldier, however, we are approaching a big problem; and in order to study it thoroughly and systematically, we must divide up our subject into three or four sub-headings. We shall first of all see how the mind of the soldier "works" in the rest-camps, or so-called "Cantonments"; then we shall consider the soldier in the general trenches; then in the isolated trenches; and finally we shall come to the mind of the soldier who is actually attacking, and see what is in his mind, under these altered circumstances and conditions.

§ 1. In the Cantonment.—The sojourn in the rest-camp or cantonment varies considerably, in point of time, and the character of the soldier's abode varies proportionately. Those occupied but a brief time are usually built of branches and twigs; those occupied for considerable periods are quite elaborate, and may even be supplied with drains, electric lights and numerous contrivances for the comfort of their occupants. In these cantonments a unique and intense social life exists. They are probably the most ideally coöperative communities in the world. Each man gives and does what he can for the good of all. The bricklayer builds; the pipe-maker makes pipes (from the enemy's empty cartridge cases, very often!); the electrician, the plumber, the carpenter—every trade and profession, in fact, finds opportunity to contribute to the common cause and common comfort. Flower-pots are made from exploded shells; pictures are painted by the artist; even journals are edited and printed by the literary members of the community. The cantonment is, in fact, a

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veritable hive of industrial, manual activity. There is, moreover in all that is done, an element of joy, of fun, which is lacking at ordinary times. Each man contributes what he can, from what he knows. Generals and privates alike contribute to the general fund or "pool." There is a state of perpetual animation—and yet it is a limited animation, strictly circumscribed, admitting of no great change, rarely stepping beyond certain well-defined limits. The work being nearly all *manual,* the body begins to assume a prominent, even predominant place in the thoughts,—while the mind assumes a second-rate importance. The great regularity and discipline, also, tend to make the mind simple and rhythmical; its even flow is disturbed only by the arrival of some general or high official, for whom special preparations are necessary. This alone breaks the monotony, and places the men in touch,—for a few moments, as it were,—with the outside world. But on their departure, the same monotonous, rigid, rhythmic life begins anew.

All this tends to make the mind simple, primitive, almost vacuous. Original thinking is gradually obliterated; all the thinking is done by the officers. The soldiers have only to obey orders! They gradually fall into this habit of letting others do their thinking for them, and merely follow instructions. Terrible as this picture may appear to the reader, it nevertheless has its bright side, as we shall presently see; and it may be said that one of the great lessons which the present war has taught us is this: that too great resource and initiative in a soldier is *not to be desired.* Only on certain occasions is this beneficial; at other times, simple obedience will serve the soldier best.

It is a psychological fact of great importance and significance, that those at the front have the greatest confidence. The nearer the front we penetrate, the greater this feeling of confidence becomes. These men *know* that they can resist the attacks of the enemy; they have done so before, and they feel that they can again. As one approaches the rear, this feeling of confidence gradually wanes, until we reach its antithesis in the civil zone, where the feeling of personal fearlessness and confidence is almost entirely lacking. It is precisely analogous to the prize-fighter, trained for the ring. He himself is supremely confident

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of the result of the contest. Only those who have never fought have this feeling of fear, of lack of confidence. Physical training gives confidence to a man. His confidence in himself increases in precise *ratio* to his physical condition. *And this is one of the great reasons why a prolonged system of military training is necessary,*—to fit the modern soldier for war. Its effects are mental and moral no less than physical and physiological. Superbly fit, he feels that nothing can withstand him, as he marches off to war. At the same time, this fact should also show us the utter unreasonableness of depending upon a rapidly-raised volunteer force to meet veterans trained in war. No matter how bravely they might fight, even in superior numbers, they would be bound to go down in defeat before seasoned veterans, whose training and experience had caused them to have a profound confidence in their own prowess,—no less than a knowledge of the game of war.

To return, however, to our Cantonment. Limited as the men are in their mental horizon, the physical energies, doubled by the healthy outdoor life and simple food, must find vent for their expression. Constant drill, marching and exercising work off part of it; manual work of various kinds also affords an outlet; but the pent-up energies must find still other channels, and in the enforced absence of sexual life or gratification, this finds its outlet in playfulness,—in gossip, joking, horseplay, pleasantry, gaiety, practical jokes, or at times in fighting, much as school boys would fight among themselves. It forms an outlet for their exuberant energies; there is no deep-seated hatred for the rival. Fortunately, however, these fights are comparatively rare; and the latent energy generally finds a more useful and less dangerous channel for its expenditure.

In these cantonments, many humorous circulars are printed and even weekly journals are issued. They are typical of the mind of the soldier, and represent the collective soul of the combatants. The French particularly have excelled in this. For example, they have issued a periodical, in the Champagne, entitled *Le Poilu,* which defines itself as "A journal, humorous, literary, and artistic, of the life of the troglodytes; to appear when and where it can." It contains impressions of the war,

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messages from home, news and bulletins, Rabelaisian sonnets and other material. Another, entitled *La Gazette des Tranchées* (issued in the Argonne), "an organ founded to maintain the spirit of mirth in France," gives scraps of Parisian life, of the Boulevards, etc., in the character of a general "Revue." Another, *L'Echo des Marmites,* has as a sub-title, "The only Daily—No connection with Berlin!" Still another, *Le Petit Voisognard,* gay and sprightly in tone, contains a variety of quaint and humorous material. In addition to these periodicals, issued from the camps and trenches, the soldiers have organized concerts, theatricals, "revues," and many other forms of entertainment, to which each contributes something (often excellent talent) and printed programmes are issued for the most ambitious of these.

The soldiers have also invented or coined a number of new words and phrases of their own, so that they now have a regular "jargon,"—all but unintelligible to the unitiated. Thus, the French have introduced such words as *gring, pinard,* etc.; while the English soldiers speak of "Black Marias," "Jack Johnsons," of being "spiffed," "put-in-a-bag," etc.; and doubtless the Italian and Russian soldiers have done much the same thing. Every trade or profession has coined such terms, which the outsider can hardly be expected to know!

While the foregoing may seem to indicate a great fund of surface-gaiety among the soldiers (and indeed there is a good deal, at times), there is, nevertheless, a subdued tension and gravity, which runs as an undercurrent through their entire life. Especially is this true of the French soldiers. They no longer gather 'round the camp fire and tell stories as they did in the war of 1870. Then, long romances in serial form were narrated by a good story-teller. Now, on the contrary, all this surface pleasantry seems to find expression *in writing,*—in the periodicals which are circulated in the cantonments and trenches. Now, when the soldiers talk together, it is usually of passing events, simple remarks and pleasantries, originating on the surface, and rarely or never do these conversations touch upon "deep" topics —religious, domestic, emotional, etc. One might be tempted to imagine that, under the existing circumstances, with death so

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near, men's minds would seem to turn naturally to the more serious phases of life; they do not seem to. The deeply intellectual life seems dormant, entranced, in abeyance. The monotony of the daily occupation has temporarily killed it. Sensory and physical interests have usurped its place. Yet this fact, too, should be noted. Very rarely is the language of the men obscene. It is rather trivial and egoistic. It seems to revolve around each man's own needs—his own feelings and personal safety. Curiously enough, too, but little is said about the war *en bloc* in these cantonments. The soldiers are occupied with their own particular sphere of activity and interests. Broader thinking seems to be left to the superior officers.

Contrary to what one would expect, all the men who have passed a considerable period of time in the cantonments assert that time seemed to pass quickly there—in spite of the extreme monotony of the life. It was rarely found to "drag." Probably this was on account of the monotony of the impressions. A cat or a dog does not seem to get "bored" with the length of his day,—no matter how little he may be busied with life. At such times, men seem to become like these animals—content to live without thinking, with empty minds, living on the impressions of the senses. They do not suffer mentally; only physically. They go to services or mass regularly, even if they are not at all religious, and not in the habit of doing so at home. They display, in short, an extreme docility and lack of personal criticism. They feel sad when the dead are brought in; but feel a curiously detached attitude towards them, and look upon this more as a historical event than as a personal affair, in which they too may be destined soon to play the principal rôle. Each soldier has seen but a small and limited portion of the field of battle, it must be remembered, and for this reason his consciousness is contracted. In nearly all cases this curious state of abstraction or absent-mindedness is noticed among men living in the trenches or cantonments.

In these rest-camps, the soldiers often tend to chafe under the strict discipline enforced, but as soon as the advance begins, these same men instinctively feel its necessity and fall into line readily. With the advance, they adapt themselves at once to

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war. Even the older men, who—one would think—might be tempted to rebel at the leadership of far younger men than themselves, fail to experience this feeling in the least. Instinctively, the soldier realizes the all-importance of instruction and discipline. Of course, this only holds good in those cases where the officers treat the men fairly and justly, and are honored and beloved by them. When a case of unjust provocation arises, indignation is at once shown. Fortunately, however, such cases are few in the English and French armies.

We may sum-up, then, by saying that the mind of the average soldier, in the cantonments, undergoes a temporary degeneration, due to the fact that it acts in vacancy, instead of attaching itself to *things;* the monotony of the stimuli act in a hypnotic manner, causing the mind to become simple and vacuous. The sentiments undergo the same oscillations as the thoughts. Soldiers become like children; they have frequent disputes, which they refer to their officers for settlement. The officer who can settle such disputes justly and satisfactorily to both disputants is adored by his men. While these rules do not, of course, apply to *all* the men alike, it may be said confidently that they represent accurately the mind of the *average* soldier in the cantonment, during periods of relative inaction. We must now study the psychology of the soldier in the trenches—both the inter-communicating and the isolated trenches. This may be said to be a sort of intermediate step between the camp, and the soldier in actual combat.

§ 2. In the Trenches.—The movement and noise in the advanced trenches is terrific and incessant. The whistle of bullets, the roar of bursting shells, etc., impinge upon the brain incessantly,—giving it no rest or peace. The mind is in a constant state of excitement. The soldier is continually on the lookout for the enemy. There may be momentary pangs of fear or uncertainty, but these are dispelled by the feeling of proximity of comrades, and in proportion to the familiarity of the environment. Here, as ever, "familiarity breeds contempt." The soldiers soon become indifferent to the scream of shells and the "whirr" of bullets—as much as they do to the sight of blood or of dead men being brought in on stretchers. When the moment arrives for the men to advance into the trenches,—to the

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firing-line,—authority automatically asserts itself. Silence and discipline are at once observed and are continually maintained. The soldiers themselves feel the necessity for this. As death becomes nearer and more real, the feeling of self-preservation becomes stronger and stronger; the soldier feels that his discipline is one of the surest means of escaping death. Instinctively this is observed. Thus, on one occasion, a column was marching down an unfrequented lane, when a shell exploded quite close to it. The column paused for an instant, as if in surprise, then pushed forward again in perfect rhythm and order, "with the gleam of hate on their faces." The individual had vanished—swallowed up in the group. Personal psychology had given way to the psychology of the crowd—individual to collective consciousness.

As to the light which may be thrown upon the psychology of fear, in the present war, there is perhaps little to say. Men assert that they rarely experience this feeling—least of all while on the firing-line. Sometimes they will run into extreme danger at night, and at dawn are astonished at having escaped almost certain death. Then, sometimes, a shiver of reminiscent apprehension runs through them! But nearly every soldier feels a sort of inner conviction that *he* will not be killed—that *he* will escape, by some miraculous good fortune. Some, it is true, do not experience this feeling; but it is safe to say that the majority do experience it.

The first thing which the men do, on occupying new advanced trenches, is to take mental and moral possession of them, no less than physical possession. Almost invariably, they criticize the state of the trenches they occupy, and pass uncomplimentary remarks about their former owners, who had left them in such a condition! (It reminds one of moving into a new house!) On settling in the trench, each soldier places his knapsack in a small cut-out hole in front of him, places his rifle and cartridges ready to hand, assures himself that the parapet directly in front of him is safe and in good condition, places boards or pieces of wood at convenient angles, so that he may stand upon them (to keep his feet dry), and takes a general view of the situation, so as to be thoroughly familiar with his surroundings.

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Of course, in this reconnaissance, he cannot look over the top of the trenches, or peep at the enemy; if he did, he would be shot instantly for his pains by the "snipers" in the opposing trenches. Consequently, a temporary *fear of the unknown* sets in, which is dispelled as soon as he becomes oriented to his surroundings, and familiar with the general "lay-out" of his trenches. As time passes, and he still cannot see or hear the enemy (whom he knows, nevertheless, to be so near him), an overpowering curiosity takes possession of him. He wishes to look—to have "just a peep"—at the opposing earthworks. Some are foolhardy enough to do this, contrary to the strict commands of their officers,—and many a man has been killed in just this way. Others content themselves with testing the proximity of the enemy by displaying caps, helmets, etc., on the end of bayonets, over the edge of the trenches,—and usually seeing a hole shot in it instantly! Still others endeavor to observe the enemy-positions by the aid of "trench-periscopes," but these are generally shattered at once by enemy rifle fire. (Their own well-placed snipers are, of course, doing the same thing in the case of the enemy.) But the majority of the men try to conquer this all-pervading curiosity. They either resist the temptation until it is their turn to observe from the observation-post; or, failing this, they question others likely to know,—the wounded, the doctors, the incoming snipers,—and display, as one soldier expressed it, "more curiosity than a woman" as to the movements and disposition of the enemy. In these trenches, silence is the rule; the men are not allowed to talk; but this rule is not always obeyed. Constant alertness is essential. If the men talk, it is usually about immediate and relatively inconsequential things—the country, the weather, a late adventure, etc. As one sergeant said, speaking of his soldiers: "Nothing interests them; they are absorbed in every little thing which comes up." They live, in short, *in the senses*,—which are trained to be constantly on the alert. If a gun is fired, the soldiers follow the course of the shell and observe the volume of smoke it throws up; if an aeroplane is seen, its flight is watched with bated breath; the men count the number of bombs it drops; the number of shrapnel-shells bursting round it, etc. This is repeated, no mat-

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ter how many times a day the same event takes place. The men even repeat the same words, make the same gestures, etc., on each occasion, without knowing that they do so. They display no signs of uneasiness; on the contrary, a feeling of absolute assurance seems to pervade the trenches. If the soldier is given food and a plentiful supply of tobacco, he gives himself up to the sensuous life completely, and henceforth ceases to be a "thinking animal."

It is the officer upon whom falls the responsibility for his men; he it is who must do the thinking for the entire army. The men look to him for everything. *The importance of having trained and experienced officers is thus very apparent*—men whose intellect is of a high order, and whose mental and moral forces are at their highest point of efficiency at the opening of hostilities.

Occasionally, in slack times, the men engage in some occupation, to keep themselves employed; but these are always *manual* occupations, easily performed with the hands. Conversation becomes less and less frequent as the days go by; and when it does occur, it is always about simple things. Living, as he does, in a new world, in constant danger of immediate death, the soldier feels detached from other men, from the world, and even from his own family. He begins to feel that, after all, *he* is the important and essential factor in the community; that the world centres about him and observes *his* actions. This feeling is not consciously egotistical; the soldier merely feels himself to be the centre of interest. Each man lives only for himself, in his inner thoughts,—his own interests, as distinct from those of others. He feels no interest in his past work or profession or its future possibilities. He simply cannot think of it; he now lives in a different world entirely. Letters from home, and journals, as they arrive, afford some slight mental stir and commotion, for a time; but even these seem to leave no durable trace upon the mind, and their images and memories are soon obliterated. Thus, a young corporal, in trying to analyze his impressions at the time, said: "I am not sure that I thought of my family particularly, even when writing home! There seemed somehow to

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be a *veil* between us, shutting off all communion of feeling and interest between us."

In the military journals, the men seek to find encouraging or favorable results; they are not interested in military movements and manœuvres, *as such;* only in the results actually accomplished. They think little of war in abstract; or (curiously enough) of the enemy. They think rather of themselves. They do not *forget* the enemy; they simply do not think of him. (This, of course, is when they are not actively engaged in observing.) All the men questioned agree upon these three essential points; viz., (1) That they do not speak of the enemy or think of him, except when an alarm is given; (2) or after an attack; or (3) when the patrols return; that is, each time his presence is vividly recalled to consciousness. At such times, the same acts and ideas are repeated on nearly every occasion.

When the trenches are under fire from the enemy, the mind centres upon one thing—how to defend the trench and resist the adversary. The men fire, as it were, to protect themselves, as much as to kill. For this reason they often fire badly,—especially at first. They have a sort of subconscious impression that this noise will terrify the enemy; and seek to add to this din in all sorts of ways—by cries, shouts, incessant firing, etc. And there is no doubt that all this *does* have a certain mental and moral effect upon the enemy, in nearly all cases.

Although they cannot see one another, the men frequently hurl threats back and forth,—between the opposing trenches. Thus, the French soldiers will call out, "Bring your Emperor William over here!" To which the German soldiers reply, "*A Paris; a Paris!*" The French call back, "You will never get to Paris, you *Boches!*" The idea of "Paris" affects soldiers from all parts of France equally. The simple word seems to have an effect upon them which is paralleled by none other.

In the trenches, everyone knows everyone else; and good and bad rumors soon spread. The men are fond of music, but are not particular; and while the *Marseillaise* stirs the French, they have been known to advance with patriotic fervor to some popular music-hall song, such as "*Embrasse-moi, Ninette!*"

In the Isolated Trenches.—In these advanced positions,

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the men seem to form a more united and homogeneous group. They are swayed more readily by one impulse, by a single word, or gesture. The example of the commanding officer here is of the supremest importance. In these trenches, the men do not know what is going on to the right or left of them, in front or to the rear. They might be utterly abandoned by the rest of the army, for all they know. This thought—they have been abandoned—is apt to cause temporary demoralization in soldiers newly arrived at the front who enter these positions for the first time. M. Lahy points out the importance of keeping the soldiers in these trenches in touch with the rest of the army, and particularly with their near-by comrades. At the moment of attack this is especially essential. At such times, M. Lahy insists, the soldier should know what support he is having, and the object of his attack. Were this support given him, his *morale* would be greatly heightened. Soldiers who have occupied these trenches assert that time passes more rapidly here than in the cantonments. The mind has become even more empty and blank: the less it is occupied, the more rapidly does time seem to fly!

§ 3. THE ATTACK.—Of all the events of the war, it is this which persists most strongly in the mind of the soldier. The impressions are the most vivid, and doubtless the traces are most deeply imprinted upon the nervous system,—hence the depth of the impressions. At such times, the soldiers seem to be sustained and inspired by lofty but purely subconscious feelings and impressions—country, family, God, all are there in spirit, and form a background of superior emotions and feelings,—none of which, however, are sensed *consciously*. If a soldier who has actually taken part in an attack be questioned as to his state of mind at the time, he invariably replies that he was not conscious of any images or impressions outside those which had reference to the immediate object of the offensive—no matter what the duration of the struggle may have been. The mind remains attached to the sole image or impression of the possible "mortal shock,"—and the means of escaping it! In other words, the instinct of self-preservation has assumed supreme sway. The following case will give an example of this:—

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A young sergeant (who in consequence was later made an adjutant) was sent to observe a German trench. He advanced confidently to within about ten metres of it (at night) when he was suddenly subjected to a terrific rain of bullets. He had been discovered! Surprised, and suddenly seized with uncontrollable terror, he rushed back to the French trenches, but, owing to the storm of fire, dared not climb over the parapet. For *three hours* he was obliged to lie flat on the ground, crouched and flattened against the projecting earth-work. *During all that time,* when he expected death every minute, he thought neither of his family, his friends, of God, duty, nor patriotism,—but only of how to escape death (yet he was naturally a religious man, and devoted to his family). His reason never deserted him for one instant; he spoke to his comrades constantly on the other side of the trench, and received encouragement and consolation from them. But his mind clung to the one thought—how to escape and attain shelter! This instructive incident shows us the extremely primitive state of mind reached by the soldier on the battlefield, and should serve to dispel many sentimental illusions as to the "agony of soul" from which the soldier on the battlefield is supposed to suffer!

A critic might object, here, that such a case is exceptional; or that this man may have suffered from an illusion of memory,—and *really* thought of many more things than he thought he did. However, practically every soldier tells the same story; and if they think of anything else, these thoughts do not rise into the *conscious* mind with sufficient strength to be recognized. Such a state of mind as that noticed is characterized by its *unity,*—by its fixed limits,—in which one image, and one only, fills the mind. This is technically termed a state of "monoideism." In such a state thought seems to follow the bodily action instead of *vice versa.* It is the body which has become supreme; and the mind a mere "epiphenomenon."

Just prior to the attack, on the other hand, the mind reaches a certain state of tension, which finds its only avenue of expression in bodily activity. Thought must find relief in action! Thus, one soldier who had risen above the trench and become a mark for the enemy, experienced what he called a brief "lucid

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interval," followed by an overwhelming desire to leap over the parapet and attack the enemy! Just before an attack, the officers frequently have to calm the men, restrain them, to keep them in check. At the moment of the attack the soldier thinks nothing but, "we must go, we must go—*now, we go!*" As they climb over the parapet their only thought is to get at the enemy as quickly as possible—not so much with the object of killing him, strange to say, as from the desire of saving their own skins. They sweep across the fire-swept ground, thinking only of taking cover, if any offers itself, or of reaching the enemy as quickly as possible. In a bayonet attack a man becomes for the time being a "beast-brute." All his higher instincts and feelings are in abeyance. He becomes simply an instinctive animal, bent on preserving his own life, by killing as many of the enemy as possible. At such times the crisis of excitement runs high; the men cry out, they shout, they brandish their arms. When the action is keen the feelings of the different parts of the body seem to become diffused; they become unified only in the brain. One idea, and one only, floods the consciousness and the whole being of the soldier, self-preservation. This sweep of a single state of consciousness over the entire being of the attacking soldier is rendered easier by reason of the previous empty mental life which he has lead in the cantonments and trenches. There the soldier has become so used to being monopolized by a single idea that it takes place quite naturally, and without the internal resistance which would be exercised by a man "new at the game." As this feeling surges through him he also feels that he masters danger; in the same way that an expert feels the master of some sport in which he has excelled. And as he experiences this, the feeling of danger vanishes.

Pushing our analysis of the soldier's internal mental life a little deeper, we perceive, perhaps, the true nature of *heroism.* In some cases, to be sure, it may be conscious valor; but in the majority of cases it is almost certainly not so. The man who performs some heroic feat is unaware at the time that he is doing anything extraordinarily brave. Certain psychical elements have found themselves so stimulated by action, after the continued inaction, that the feat is performed almost without knowledge;

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the man is carried out of himself by the very excess of his vitality. And this effect is still further heightened by the psychology of the crowd—of joint action. "When we *all* advance, no one is afraid," a soldier once said. There may be the passing thought, "Am I going to be killed?" but he advances without fear, none the less.

An under-officer, in discussing the mind of the soldier, said to me not long ago: "When a man advances, he is like one pushed forward in spite of himself; it may be displeasing, but he does it. There is a motor force in one, which drives one forward. There is an unconscious desire to place oneself in the right place. We find our right places and keep them, as the result of previous discipline."

The influence of the *officer* is all-important at the moment of attack. He determines the mental and moral tone of his soldiers. The soldier, for his part, seeks only to perform those acts which seem to him most suited to gain the desired end. He falls into place automatically; he refuses to make a detour, except when necessary; he has a stern sense of duty. This, and his desire to execute orders—even at the risk of his life—makes the ideal soldier. One who stops and questions is acting contrary to his own best interests,—no less than to those of his country. The soldier reflects and should reflect but little. Ideas of patriotism come only upon reflection. Heroic acts are rarely or never due to this feeling. Such influences are doubtless *unconsciously* at work in the soldier, but he does not perceive them. On the contrary, one idea which is most important is the constantly increasing hatred of the enemy. In the case of the French soldiers, and more particularly the English, at the beginning of the present war, there was but little personal animosity; but, as time went on, and the soldiers perceived the frightful wrongs which had been perpetrated by the enemy, and the evils which had befallen their own country, the feeling of hate has gradually increased, until to-day it is certainly a formidable force—though of relatively recent origin.

In making a bayonet attack the end and aim of every soldier is the complete destruction of the enemy. They look upon their actions in such circumstances as praiseworthy, moral and per-

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fectly justifiable, and have no thought of murder or homicide in connection with them. When it is pointed out to them that this same action on their part in times of peace would be considered a crime, they seem quite "taken aback." They have been trained for so long to kill that it has become second nature to them. They reason thus: "Each soldier killed lessens my own chance of being killed. Hence it is perfectly justifiable; I kill in self-defence." A soldier always attacks the whole *group* of the enemy, and not any individual in that group. He feels no individual animosity and no individual pity for the man he has killed. In a fight, the object he wishes to obtain is that of killing off the entire enemy-group. When this is accomplished he feels that a good piece of work has been done.

I questioned a man not long ago as to his sensations and impressions during an actual bayonet fight. "What were your feelings," I said, "when you drove your bayonet into the soft flesh of your antagonist? Did you not feel horrified and revolted?" "Not at all," he replied; "I had a curious sensation in my arms as I felt the soft body, and I grew fatigued with continued fighting. But the action was of such short duration, and I felt all the time so keenly that I was fighting for my life, and seeking only to preserve myself, by killing the enemy, that I gave no thought to him." *The act of killing does not shock;* that is established beyond doubt. Even humanitarian men feel no repugnance at the moment of killing an adversary in this manner. "One kills without pain or fear," said another soldier to me, "a man simply feels that he is defending himself." The feelings of the non-combatant seem useless and silly to the soldier in the time of action.

It is probable that the average soldier has but little time or inclination to make psychological analyses at the moment he is attacking an enemy with the bayonet! The attack must be made so quickly, and is over so soon—that one has hardly realized it.

Such examples as these serve to show us the relative emptiness of the soldier's mind—the vacuity of thought and feeling—at the moment of making an attack. Intuition, custom, duty, discipline, take the place of reason. The soldier feels that the more he kills the less chance he himself has of being killed. Thus, the

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fighter's mind may be divided, psychologically, into three states or divisions: (1) *Monoideism,* or the presence of images recalling a single idea; (2) *moral exaltation;* and (3) *subordination to discipline.* In many ways, then, it may be seen that the more machine-like the soldier the better. If this be true, the Germans are right and the rest of the world is wrong in their methods of training—to judge, at least, by the psychological analyses of the soldiers examined.

To sum up, then, the mental activity of the soldier is considerably lessened by his life in the cantonments; and is still further reduced by life in the trenches. Here even manual work is very rarely undertaken; conversation is limited, and the bodily or physical acts occupy the place of prime importance. The senses and the attention must be constantly on the alert and keen —though certain "oscillations" naturally take place here also. Nevertheless, the soldier constantly strains to keep them intact. His personal salvation, as well as the lives of his comrades, depends upon his ability to do so. When he attacks, this tension of the inner being reaches its climax; and the mind becomes almost empty. Such reasoning as takes place is of the most simple and primitive character—such as how best to save one's own life, seek shelter, etc. At such moments the value of example—the effects of imitation—are all-important, *hence the necessity for carefully trained officers.* Threats or brutality of language will not stir the men at such times; what the officer should seek to do is to throw into the minds of his men, at the psychological moment, an idea or an image capable of invading the entire consciousness, and taking possession of the very being. The officer thus stands for his country, for the flag, for patriotism, for everything impelling. An example of bravery on the part of an officer will inspire his men as nothing else will or can. The men obey their commanding officers implicitly,—feeling that their own lives depend largely upon following orders. They feel that they are as liable to be killed in any one place as in another, but that, if they obey orders, these chances may perhaps be diminished,—and then, too, the soldier will die doing his duty—a feeling which remains very keen among all the men at the front, on whatever battle-line.

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When the soldier has been in the trenches for some time he gradually loses his good manners. Cleanliness, personal care, etc., are largely disregarded; but these moral feelings very quickly revive upon the return of the soldier to the civil zone, and the activities of normal life. As one soldier expressed it, " it is like being born again." Nevertheless, it is possible that the habits of inactivity and relative idleness which have been engendered in the soldier may persist more or less through life; and if this is found to be the case, it will certainly have a detrimental effect upon the community inhabited by him.

The psychology of the combatant may, therefore, be summed up as follows: life in the trenches tends to make the mind childish, simple, vacuous; the senses are stimulated; the will rendered intense; the thoughts are centred upon one idea—of dominating the enemy. Aspirations, regrets, ideas, all find their place taken by bodily sensations and activities. The soldier stands ready to execute his orders at the right moment, without reflection. In whatever he does his acts and thoughts become *one*. The most primitive of all our instincts—the instinct of self-preservation—that which we share equally with everything that lives—comes to the fore, and assumes a vital, a dominating position. All the centuries of intervening civilization are swept away in an instant; and we see before us, not the cultured gentleman of yesterday, but a primitive brute-beast, fighting for his existence and his life in precisely the same way that his ancestors fought—and with no other, higher ideals in mind! That, perhaps, is the most instructive item of all. It shows us at once and graphically the effects upon the mind of war—and proves to us that it leads, not only to material destruction, and to mental and moral deterioration, but also to the very extinction of the spirit of man itself—in the almost instant reversion of civilized man to savagery.

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GENERAL SALVADOR ALVARADO

Fighter and Administrator

CARLO DE FORNARO

IN a former article I gave an analysis of the great Mexican Revolution which had come to a victorious end a few weeks before. I mentioned some of the men who had worked hand in hand towards the success of the revolution. It is my intention in a series of articles to tell of the lives and achievements of some of the new Mexico's representative men, for these same men will continue the task of reconstructing their country, and it is well that the American public should become acquainted with their names and deeds.

The political, social and financial regeneration of Mexico is being carried out by its younger generation, from the lowest to the highest, of the civilians as well as the military chiefs. I will begin with the military leaders, for without them the successful revolution would have been impossible. Nevertheless one significant fact must be pointed out, and that is that most of the military chiefs have become leaders through sheer native genius of a military and organizing kind. Generals like Alvaro Obregon, Pablo Gonzalez, Manuel Dieguez, Jacinto B. Trevino, Plutarco Elias Calles, Francisco Murguia, Francisco Coss, and Candido Aguilar, are not the result of an education in the Chapultepec military school, as are, for example, General Huerta and his thousand and one assistant generals; they are not professional soldiers, but civilians from the most varied walks of life; mostly farmers, business men, small ranchers, professional men, clerks, etc. They were without money, arms or organization but they created all these and defeated the professional federal generals at their own game. The thousands of officers and soldiers who fought under these leaders will go back to their farms, their businesses, their professions, their former occupations, knowing full well that they can protect their country from its enemies, no matter how powerful and greedy those enemies may be.

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In this first article I will speak of General Salvador Alvarado, because it was his good fortune to begin and to devote himself to the work of reconstruction in the state of Yucatan, which was always known as one of the most conservative states in Mexico; a state in which the revolution had been frowned upon by the wealthy and powerful planters; where slavery was rampant; and where it seemed impossible to initiate any reforms except those wanted by the ruling classes. I will give only a brief sketch of the reforms achieved, for a thorough review would require more than an article.

Public Instruction

This reform and the agrarian reform were the two most important ones, for liberty without education is a misnomer, and people who can read and write are less likely to be deceived by faithless leaders. In Yucatan the wealthy people can all read and write, but the peons in the haciendas were not permitted to go to school as it would have spoilt their docility and their infinite patience before injustice and oppression. The first thing that General Alvarado did when he became governor of Yucatan was to create rural schools all over the state, and at present there are over 1,200 of these schools, with over 800 of the best teachers from Mexico, and all the material necessary, such as buildings, desks, books, etc. There have been created also schools for arts and crafts as well as schools for agriculture, and schools for domestic arts for Mexican girls so that they could learn to become independent and go out into the world fitted by training to engage in the struggle for life.

These arts and crafts schools are certain to develop a great artistic and industrial life, as anybody who has been in Mexico knows how wonderfully efficient are the middle class workingmen and Indians in all kinds of skilled manual work; in fact, they are as efficient as the Chinese and Japanese.

In addition, over 300 night schools have been established, and these make it possible for many people to take the courses who could not go to the day schools. General Alvarado has also created experimental agricultural stations, similar to those

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in the United States, for Yucatan has up to the present dedicated itself almost exclusively to the culture of henequen. Everything else has had to be imported, even agricultural products; and it has been discovered that there is an enormous untouched wealth in the flora of Yucatan.

The Agrarian Question

The agrarian question was very difficult of solution, for the reason that all the " egidos," or communal lands, which are now going to be returned to their original owners, are occupied by the great henequen planters. From the time of Spanish rule the Indians had property and communal rights to certain tracts of land adjoining their villages. Slowly these lands have been absorbed, all over Mexico, by the great landowners. The governor of Yucatan appointed sixteen commissions of engineers to study this question, one commission for each county, and two general commissions, and these commissions found a way out. The question of the " egidos " was not solved by the Madero administration but has finally been solved by the Constitutionalists.

The Labor Question

Under Porfirio Diaz Mexican workingmen were not permitted to organize in any shape or form. Strikes under the " Czar of Mexico " meant very often imprisonment and death, and as a result the workingmen were at the mercy of their employers. The government of Yucatan not only permitted but helped the wage earners to organize in what they call the " Casa del Obrero Mundial," the House of the Workers of the World. This organization is composed of 26 syndicates or unions which are legally recognized, and it also includes coöperative societies. The governor gave this joint organization a large building in one of the most popular streets in Merida.

Legislation

The penal code of the state of Yucatan was one of the most feudal in Mexico. There was no loophole for any libertarian

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velleities or democratic initiative. If a newspaper incurred the enmity of any government official, everybody from manager to office boy was clapped into jail, and even the newsboys suffered imprisonment.

Commissions have been created, one to provide for the reform of the civil code and judicial proceedings, another to study the laws for the municipalities. These municipalities are hereafter to be self-governing, the idea which is the foundation for all liberties in Mexico. Under Porfirio Diaz the municipalities were under the rule of a "jefe politico," who was responsible only to the governor of his state, who in his turn was responsible to Porfirio Diaz. Now the municipalities of all villages and cities will be responsible to their voters. A department of social legislation has also been created and by this time the work of all these commissions has ended.

Financial Questions

When General Alvarado's forces arrived in Merida after defeating Ortiz Argumedo it was discovered that the public treasury had been looted of every cent of the people's money, and the governor had to borrow 100,000 pesos for current expenses from a private individual. This sum has been repaid, and there is now in the treasury a surplus of 2,000,000 pesos. The Commission Reguladora was founded with a capital of 5,000,000 pesos, over 1,000,000 pesos were spent for public instruction, for new school buildings, salaries and material. A campaign against smallpox, which was happily successful, cost over 100,000 pesos. The campaign against the locust plague came to 25,000 pesos. The salaries of the government employees were raised to meet the high cost of living; that alone meant an outlay of 400,000 pesos. The interest on the railroad indebtedness was paid and the railroad material and rolling stock which had been destroyed was at once replaced. Public service commissions were created to inspect, supervise and regulate railroads, street cars, telephones and paving companies, as well as schools for agriculture, commerce and industries. The workingmen, the peons, the skilled and unskilled laborers, are receiv-

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ing four, and sometimes eight, times the salaries they were earning under the Diaz régime. There are no idle workmen, as the demand for labor is much greater than the supply. Most planters have paid their debts and the good crops have brought good times to all classes. The thronged places of amusement are the best proof of this prosperity.

Slavery

Under the pretending revolutionist governor, Avila, a decree was published ostensibly freeing all peons from slavery and debt, but a joker was cunningly inserted in the decree which nullified its effect; and the peons were not liberated. After the defeat of Ortiz Argumedo, General Alvarado had an investigation made of labor conditions in Yucatan, and the result was the actual freeing of the peons, but not before a few powerful and recalcitrant planters were imprisoned to show them that the governor meant what he said. Now the Indian has lifted his bowed head to a realization of his manhood, and has proved his independence by protesting to the civil and military authorities whenever attempts were made against his liberty.

A peculiar form of slavery existed in Yucatan. In most of the households there were female servants, anywhere from two to as many as thirty, according to the wealth and importance of the person who was in effect their owner. These unfortunate servants were at the beck and call of the proprietors at any hour of the day and night, and were forbidden to go out except on Sunday, and then accompanied by a female Cerberus. The offspring of these servants were adopted by their masters, who owned them " body and soul," and their debts were inherited by their children and grandchildren. These rich people were thus getting a life service for nothing. This has all been stopped. Salaries now have to be paid to the servants and they work for whomever they please. According to the laws and customs of the state, girls could not leave their homes except to get married, and only after the age of thirty could they go out into the world with the father's consent. General Alvarado has convoked a feminine congress wherein women can organize for their

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benefit and advancement, and demand and defend their rights as women.

Alcoholism

The new law regulating the sale of alcohol brought immediate and astonishing results. The workers in the field, who received their meagre salary weekly, literally spent it in getting drunk and staying so from Saturday night until Monday morning. In this manner their debts grew so large that a lifetime was not sufficient to pay them. At present the sale of alcohol has been forbidden in the haciendas, and in the villages and cities the saloons are open only from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. and from 4 P. M. to 7 P. M., with the exception of Sundays, when they are kept closed.

The bullfights and lotteries were suppressed by a decree, and, strange to say, the people did not seem to care enough to protest.

This is only a rough outline of the reforms enacted in less than a year. Figuratively speaking, Yucatan was taken apart and made over on modern lines, and the Yucatecans seem to like it and are quite astonished to see the prosperity which has come in the wake of this organized revolution with its sweeping reforms. The seemingly impossible was achieved smoothly and successfully, in the manner of routine work. And the man who carried through this gigantic task is a native of the state of Sinaloa and resident of the state of Sonora, who had never before in his life set foot in Yucatan; and Yucatan is as different, racially, socially and politically, from Sonora as Connecticut is from North Carolina.

It seems a strange happening, and almost like poetic justice, this young knight of St. George coming from the north to liberate the hundreds of Yaqui Indians who had been captured and sold into slavery with the connivance of the highest officials of the Diaz régime. General Salvador Alvarado was born thirty-five years ago in Culiacan, state of Sinaloa, but he made his home in Guaymas, in the Yaqui region, where he received his education.

Alternately he was a railroad contractor, a lumber dealer

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and later a merchant. He lived and studied for a while in the United States, and the result is that he speaks and reads English very fluently and has great admiration for the organizing ability and the progressive spirit of the Americans.

Salvador Alvarado was a merchant in Cananea when Madero began his campaign against the reëlection of Porfirio Diaz and Ramon Corral. He was one of the first to realize the futility of a constitutional and peacful opposition to the Diaz régime; and he joined the Maderistas. Later on he had to flee into the United States but he returned quickly to Mexico, and his first feat at arms took place at Agua Prieta. When Orozco rebelled against Madero, Salvador Alvarado organized an expedition to suppress the anti-Madero revolt. In two battles at Ojitos and Cumbre he showed his military ability. After Orozco's defeat he was called upon to fight the Indian rebellion in Sonora. While he was busy in this state the news of the Huerta treachery was received. The chamber of deputies in Sonora, the legislative body, the foreign consuls, the chambers of commerce of Hermosillo and Guaymas, and the entire conservative element, brought great pressure to bear upon the state government to have Huerta recognized as president de jure and de facto. After hours of fruitless discussions, and after everybody else had spoken, Salvador Alvarado got up and said: "Gentlemen, I shall tell you exactly what I think. Everything that has been said here is only prattle and vain talk. The only possible solution is to go out and fight the 'pelones' (federal soldiers), and the cientificos who have not been court-martialled and shot must be ruined and made harmless."

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the battles in which Alvarado took part. It is enough to say that he was second in command under General Alvaro Obregon and that he took part in the decisive battles of Santa Rosa and Santa Maria; he besieged and kept the federals cooped up in Guaymas for over a year and after its evacuation he went to Mexico City and later to Vera Cruz. He was sent to Yucatan to suppress the revolt under Ortiz Argumedo, and after the defeat and flight of the ex-federal rebel he became governor of the state of Yucatan.

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Physically Salvador Alvarado is of medium height, typical of the northern Mexican—bronzed, healthy, straight, decisive and forcible in his movements. He impresses one with his magnetic personality and his youthful good looks; his physiognomy denotes the student as well as the leader of men.

His characteristics are a great love for his own people, the Indians, the workingmen, the middle class merchants; and an ardent, almost unquenchable thirst for civic liberty for all. For he firmly believes with Mazzini that "tyranny is evil because it is impossible under it that the genius of a people should develop and have free play." His tenacity is proverbial, as was exemplified during the year in which he besieged the federal troops in Guaymas.

Loyal to his friends and to his superiors, he obeys, but expects obedience in return; and he has a great faculty for discovering and surrounding himself with capable and talented men. Tactful, suave and diplomatic, nevertheless he will not brook incompetent assistants; when he gives an order he wants it carried out in the shortest and most efficient manner possible. His trained mind sweeps all chaff aside and goes to the kernel of the matter; at once he sees the main point, the important outline.

A gentleman brought him once a very complicated scheme for his approval and when he was half through General Alvarado interrupted him and said: "I understand! How soon can it be done?" "But I am not through yet," exclaimed the astonished gentleman.

This instantaneous perception of the main question, ignoring side issues, together with his great capacity for mastering details, makes him a perfectly balanced personality. A powerful will, great intellectual power and that great self-control which enables him successfully to control others, are characteristics of General Alvarado; they are the qualities necessary to statesmen and national leaders.

Although perfectly loyal to his friends he will not permit dishonest deals, or, as we say, graft, in public affairs; and he would rather lose a beloved friend through death than find him involved in doubtful transactions.

He is an omnivorous reader of historical works, also—and

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especially—of sociology and finance. His knowledge of history is so wide and clear that he can always illustrate some point in conversation by some apt historical incident or anecdote. The things he likes best to read, perhaps, are the philosophical works of Gustave Le Bon, the literary works of Victor Hugo and Emile Zola; but he also likes English and German literature, and these things also: music, flowers, beautiful women and landscapes.

In everyday life he is intensely active and therefore abstemious; being of a very evenly balanced temperament, he cannot stand excesses of any kind in food or in drink; he eats a quantity of fruit in the morning, a very moderate meal at midday, and at night he is satisfied with a cup of tea and some cake.

This is a sketchy outline of the character of the man who revolutionized and reorganized the state of Yucatan from top to bottom; who took away a great many privileges from the ruling classes and rehabilitated the oppressed masses; who levelled society and made everybody like it. In the beginning all classes were afraid of General Alvarado; they expected confiscations, revenges, terrible punishments. But instead of wasting time in useless, petty retaliations, he girded his loins to a mightier and more useful task. The peons and the workingmen were in the grip of greedy employers; he released the grip: the haciendados were helpless under a powerful monopoly; he destroyed it. And now the Indians, the workingmen, the middle class people swear by him; and even the once all-powerful planters say: "We only pray that General Alvarado may stay a little longer with us; he is our best friend." And verily he is the ideal democratic ruler, although he is a military governor with practically unlimited power; he is the best friend of the haciendados, the professionals, the workingmen, the peons. He has given the Yucatecans for the first time in their history a taste and a substance of freedom; he has set the clock of progress forward by thrusting survivals of the dark ages back into the past where they belong; and he has started a pace which must be kept up by the governors who later will be elected by popular vote in Yucatan. For how can a democratically elected governor take back the right of freedom when a revolutionary dictator gave all a bountiful liberty?

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The work done by General Alvarado in Yucatan ought to be written in golden letters. It is a perfect example of what can be done and is being done with the rest of Mexico. What was achieved for one of the most conservative states in Mexico can be likewise done for the other twenty-seven states, for the republic in general. It is the best refutation of the accusation made by Americans that the Mexicans have no constructive ability.

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WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT

MARTHA GRUENING

JOHNSON did not wish to live. He had made this perfectly clear to those about him, without, however, impressing them with the importance of his wishes in the matter. He came out of his apathy at times to marvel a little at the resolute patience and cheerfulness with which they kept at the tedious task of keeping him alive, despite his manifest disinclination to help them. They had always to contend with the dogged if passive resistance which was all he could oppose to their ministrations.

One night, however, when he had become more than usually exasperated by all this, he managed to sever an artery with a bit of broken glass and to lose a quantity of blood before he was discovered. They rushed him to the hospital and worked over him for hours with all the resources at their command. For days his life hung in the balance, but at last he began slowly to improve and to his disgust was pronounced on the road to recovery. After that he was never left alone. They feared that he would try it again, but their fear was a mistaken one. They had proven themselves too strong for him. He was resigned to the care with which they surrounded him, almost ready to accept the life which had been forced upon him. He scarcely resented the fact that he was constantly watched.

One morning, some four weeks later, when he was well enough to be up and about, there came to him not only the solitary watcher to whom he had grown accustomed, but others. There was the doctor, whose untiring efforts had brought him back from death that night, the priest who had given him the sacrament when there had seemed to be no hope, and others whom he had learnt to know well in those weeks of struggle against his fate. When he saw them, Johnson knew quite definitely that he wished to live and so he told them, but his wishes seemed to matter as little as ever to them. They were grave and gentle with him, just as they had been when they frustrated him before. And they were quite as patient and resolute and

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methodical, if less cheerful. Gently and implacably, as they might have led a fractious child, they led him through the little door and to the big clumsy chair. All the while, Johnson was trying to make them understand that he was ready to live, while the nightmare feeling of impotence grew and closed in on him. It seemed incredibly absurd and horrible to him. He simply couldn't believe that these gentle, deliberate men were going to kill him, because of something that had happened in a brawl one night months and months ago. They looked and spoke just as they had when they came to his bedside at the hospital to ask how he was, or to know if he needed anything, and they had the same air of doing something which would be good for him. The priest was praying for him while one of the others adjusted the straps. In another moment, he felt, he would be able to get it across to them that it was all a hideous mistake —and just then one of the quiet methodical men threw the switch.

That night the paper said: "Frank Johnson, the murderer, was executed at Wrayburn prison to-day. It is greatly to the credit of the prison authorities that he lived to see the electric chair. It was feared for a time that he would succeed in taking his own life, and since his last attempt he has been constantly guarded."

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HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE GREAT POLITICAL SUPERSTITION"

WITH COMMENTS BY

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

[*As explained in the August number of The Forum, several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive officialism and the over-development of governmental activity will be republished, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among these contributors will be Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Judge Gary, Augustus P. Gardner and William Howard Taft.*—EDITOR]

MR. BUTLER'S COMMENTS

THIS is one of the most trenchant and powerful of Herbert Spencer's essays on political subjects. He wrote with English conditions in mind, and some portions of his argument are not applicable to conditions as they existed and still exist in the United States, where civil liberty is defined in a written constitution and is protected by the courts from invasion alike by the stronger or more self-seeking individual and by the government itself. During recent years there has been a marked tendency in the United States to throw more emphasis on the action of government and to lay less stress on the importance of civil liberty than was formerly the case. The thoroughly obscurantist and reactionary doctrine is now taught—and curiously enough it is taught under the name of progress—that the individual has no rights save those which society confers upon him and that society may by majority vote to do what it pleases with him. This doctrine is the oldest prop of despotism and autocracy, and the despotism and autocracy is none the less despotic or autocratic because for an individual monarch there has been substituted a temporary and fortuitous majority.

The Great Political Superstition is that somewhere in the nation there is a sovereign who can do as he likes with the

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life, the occupation and the property of every individual citizen. In the last analysis this doctrine rests all government not upon right but upon force, and the devil may take the hindmost. It is difficult to conceive any form of political teaching more at variance than this, with the fundamental principles upon which the American nation was founded and upon which it has been built up. Those fundamental principles received their classic statement in these words from the Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

These natural rights, which are set forth in the Declaration of Independence and which are amplified and defined in the Constitution of the United States, are an attribute of human personality. A human being is a person and a person is an end and not a means to an end. Personality is morally inviolable, and into its sacred precincts no despot, whether monarch or majority, has any right to enter.

The amazing notion that there is no such thing as privacy, that all of a man's doings and sayings and thinkings and havings are matters of public concern and are rightfully subject to public inspection and control, is the determined enemy of personal freedom and of civil liberty.

The tendencies which Herbert Spencer was combating when he wrote "The Great Political Superstition" are much stronger now than they were then. It is true that in his zeal for the thesis which he was upholding, Spencer went too far and laid down a doctrine of *laissez faire* that is not only unnecessary to personal freedom and to civil liberty, but that stands in the way of that collective action and that collective responsibility in

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which personality finds its fullest opportunity for expression and for exercise. Nevertheless, Spencer's warnings are important for the people of the United States in this day and generation. He abhorred, and we should abhor, the creation of a great army of functionaries, paid by the state, withdrawn from the producing classes, to do clumsily and ineffectively what private initiative and private enterprise can do far more effectively and with much better results to the public interest. Experience has marked off with some precision and definiteness the field in which governmental action is expedient or wise, and in which it may be carried on without interference with the widest opportunity of the individual citizen. The burden of proof is always on those who would transfer any form of activity from the field of liberty to the field of government. The piling up of huge mountains of public indebtedness, which some day will have to be either paid or repudiated, is a monument to governmental recklessness, wastefulness and inefficiency. The increasing recourse to indirect taxation to meet the cost of government conceals from the tax-payer the cost to him of the various enterprises that are so lightly entered upon.

The next generation and the generation after that will have a curiously different opinion and judgment of what Americanism means from that which their grandfathers and their fathers had, unless the great political superstition is displaced. Legislatures are now judged not by the wisdom of their enactments, but by their number. Men rise in their places in legislative halls to propose statutes on the most trivial topics and to multiply crimes through difference of taste or judgment or of temperament. The desire to mind other people's business is becoming a disease, and with its spread the real duty of government and the real tests of its effectiveness are being lost sight of. The field of government is wide enough and important enough to occupy the best minds of the nation on truly public concerns and in the solution of truly public problems. Surely there is no need to turn aside to reënact the sumptuary laws of long ago and to regulate in the minutest way all sorts and kinds of activities which are far better alone. Nature's cure for most social and political diseases is better than man's, and without

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the strongest reasons the government should withhold its hand from everything that is not, by substantially common consent, a matter of governmental concern and governmental action.

The restriction of governmental control does not mean the loss of public oversight. It must not be forgotten that all public men are not officials; that all public action is not governmental; and that all public expression is not to be found in statutes and in judicial decisions. Those men, those acts and those expressions are public, whether made by men in private station or not, which voice the reflection, the feeling and the aspiration of the public. Public control through the enforcement of moral standards and through the approval or disapproval of public opinion is far more effective than governmental control through penal statute and police regulation. The whole aim and purpose of public education is to help men to help themselves, to develop initiative, to seek out and to train capacity and to build up a generation of good citizens. The more our social and political system entrusts to the sphere of civil liberty, the more it calls upon individual citizens for effort and for service, the richer and the fuller will be its life.

Herbert Spencer's political philosophy in all its details is certainly not suited to the United States of 1915; but, on the other hand, his words of warning are just as much needed now and here as they were needed in England a generation ago.

THE GREAT POLITICAL SUPERSTITION

THE great political superstition of the past was the divine right of kings. The great political superstition of the present is the divine right of parliaments. The oil of anointing seems unawares to have dripped from the head of the one on to the heads of the many, and given sacredness to them also and to their decrees.

However irrational we may think the earlier of these beliefs, we must admit that it was more consistent than is the latter. Whether we go back to times when the king was a god, or to times when he was a descendant of a god, or to times when he was god-appointed, we see good reason for passive obedience to his will. When, as under Louis XIV., theologians like Bossuet taught that kings "are gods, and share in a manner the Divine independence," or when it was thought, as by our own Tory party in old days, that "the monarch was the delegate of heaven;" it is clear that, given the premise, the inevitable conclusion

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was that no bounds could be set to governmental commands. But for the modern belief such a warrant does not exist. Making no pretension to divine descent or divine appointment, a legislative body can show no supernatural justification for its claim to unlimited authority; and no natural justification has ever been attempted. Hence, belief in its unlimited authority is without that consistency which of old characterized belief in a king's unlimited authority.

It is curious how commonly men continue to hold in fact, doctrines which they have rejected in name—retaining the substance after they have abandoned the form. In Theology an illustration is supplied by Carlyle, who, in his student days, giving up, as he thought, the creed of his fathers, rejected its shell only, keeping the contents; and was proved by his conceptions of the world, and man, and conduct, to be still among the sternest of Scotch Calvinists. Similarly, Science furnishes an instance in one who united naturalism in Geology with supernaturalism in Biology—Sir Charles Lyell. While, as the leading expositor of the uniformitarian theory in Geology, he ignored only the Mosaic cosmogony, he long defended that belief in special creations of organic types, for which no other source than the Mosaic cosmogony could be assigned; and only in the latter part of his life surrendered to the arguments of Mr. Darwin. In Politics, as above implied, we have an analogous case. The tacitly-asserted doctrine, common to Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, that governmental authority is unlimited, dates back to times when the law-giver was supposed to have a warrant from God; and it survives still, though the belief that the law-giver has God's warrant has died out. "Oh, an Act of Parliament can do anything," is the reply made to a citizen who questions the legitimacy of some arbitrary State-interference; and the citizen stands paralyzed. It does not occur to him to ask the how, and the when, and the whence, of this asserted omnipotence bounded only by physical impossibilities.

Here we will take leave to question it. In default of the justification, once logically valid, that the ruler on Earth being a deputy of the ruler in Heaven, submission to him in all things is a duty, let us ask what reason there is for asserting the duty of submission in all things to a ruling power, constitutional or republican, which has no Heavenly-derived supremacy. Evidently this inquiry commits us to a criticism of past and present theories concerning political authority. To revive questions supposed to be long since settled, may be thought to need some apology; but there is a sufficient apology in the implication above made clear, that the theory commonly accepted is ill-based or unbased.

The notion of sovereignty is that which first presents itself; and a critical examination of this notion, as entertained by those who do not

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assume the supernatural origin of sovereignty, carries us back to the arguments of Hobbes.

Let us grant Hobbes's postulate that, "during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war . . . of every man against every man;" * though this is not true, since there are some small uncivilised societies in which, without any "common power to keep them all in awe," men maintain peace and harmony better than it is maintained in societies where such a power exists. Let us suppose him to be right, too, in assuming that the rise of a ruling man over associated men, results from their desires to preserve order among themselves; though, in fact, it habitually arises from the need for subordination to a leader in war, defensive or offensive, and has originally no necessary, and often no actual, relation to the preservation of order among the combined individuals. Once more, let us admit the indefensible assumption that to escape the evils of chronic conflicts, which must otherwise continue among them, the members of a community enter into a "pact or covenant," by which they all bind themselves to surrender their primitive freedom of action, and subordinate themselves to the will of an autocrat agreed upon: † accepting, also, the implication that their descendants for ever are bound by the covenant which remote ancestors made for them. Let us, I say, not object to these data, but pass to the conclusions Hobbes draws. He says:—

> "For where no covenant hath preceded, there hath no right been transferred, and every man has a right to everything; and consequently, no action can be unjust. But when a covenant is made, then to break it is *unjust:* and the definition of INJUSTICE, is no other than *the not performance of covenant.* . . . Therefore before the names of just and unjust can have place, there must be some coercive power, to compel men equally to the performance of their covenants, by the terror of some punishment, greater than the benefit they expect by the breach of their covenant." ‡

Were people's characters in Hobbes's day really so bad as to warrant his assumption that none would perform their covenants in the absence of a coercive power and threatened penalties? In our day "the names of just and unjust can have place" quite apart from recognition of any coercive power. Among my friends I could name several whom I would implicitly trust to perform their covenants without any "terror of such punishment;" and over whom the requirements of justice would be as imperative in the absence of a coercive power as in its presence. Merely noting, however, that this unwarranted assumption vitiates Hobbes's argument for State-authority, and accepting both his premises and conclusion, we have to observe two significant implications. One is that

* T. Hobbes, *Collected Works,* vol. iii, pp. 112-13.

† *Ibid.,* p. 159.

‡ Hobbes, *Collected Works,* vol. iii, pp. 130-1.

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State-authority as thus derived, is a means to an end, and has no validity save as subserving that end: if the end is not subserved, the authority, by the hypothesis, does not exist. The other is that the end for which the authority exists, as thus specified, is the enforcement of justice—the maintenance of equitable relations. The reasoning yields no warrant for other coercion over citizens than that which is required for preventing direct aggressions, and those indirect aggressions constituted by breaches of contract; to which, if we add protection against external enemies, the entire function implied by Hobbes's derivation of sovereign authority is comprehended.

Hobbes argued in the interests of absolute monarchy. His modern admirer, Austin, had for his aim to derive the authority of law from the unlimited sovereignty of one man, or a number of men, small or large compared with the whole community. Austin was originally in the army; and it has been truly remarked that "the permanent traces left" may be seen in his *Province of Jurisprudence*. When, undeterred by the exasperating pedantries—the endless distinctions and definitions and repetitions—which served but to hide his essential doctrines, we ascertain what these are, it becomes manifest that he assimilates civil authority to military authority; taking for granted that the one, as the other, is above question in respect of both origin and range. To get justification for positive law, he takes us back to the absolute sovereignty of the power imposing it—a monarch, an aristocracy, or that larger body of men who have votes in a democracy; for such a body also, he styles the sovereign, in contrast with the remaining portion of the community which, from incapacity or other cause, remains subject. And having affirmed, or, rather, taken for granted, the unlimited authority of the body, simple or compound, small or large, which he styles sovereign, he, of course, has no difficulty in deducing the legal validity of its edicts, which he calls positive law. But the problem is simply moved a step further back and there left unsolved. The true question is—Whence the sovereignty? What is the assignable warrant for this unqualified supremacy assumed by one, or by a small number, or by a large number, over the rest? A critic might fitly say—"We will dispense with your process of deriving positive law from unlimited sovereignty: the sequence is obvious enough. But first prove your unlimited sovereignty."

To this demand there is no response. Analyze his assumption, and the doctrine of Austin proves to have no better basis than that of Hobbes. In the absence of admitted divine descent or appointment, neither single-headed ruler nor many-headed ruler can produce such credentials as the claim to unlimited sovereignty implies.

"But surely," will come in deafening chorus the reply, "there is the unquestionable right of the majority, which gives unquestionable right to the parliament it elects."

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Yes, now we are coming down to the root of the matter. The divine right of parliaments means the divine right of majorities. The fundamental assumption made by legislators and people alike, is that a majority has powers which have no bounds. This is the current theory which all accept without proof as a self-evident truth. Nevertheless, criticism will, I think, show that this current theory requires a radical modification.

In an essay on "Railway Morals and Railway Policy," published in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1854, I had occasion to deal with the question of a majority's powers as exemplified in the conduct of public companies; and I cannot better prepare the way for conclusions presently to be drawn, than by quoting a passage from it:—

"Under whatever circumstances, or for whatever ends, a number of men co-operate, it is held that if difference of opinion arises among them, justice requires that the will of the greater number shall be executed rather than that of the smaller number; and this rule is supposed to be uniformly applicable, be the question at issue what it may. So confirmed is this conviction, and so little have the ethics of the matter been considered, that to most this mere suggestion of a doubt will cause some astonishment. Yet it needs but a brief analysis to show that the opinion is little better than a political superstition. Instances may readily be selected which prove, by *reductio ad absurdum,* that the right of a majority is a purely conditional right, valid only within specific limits. Let us take a few. Suppose that at the general meeting of some philanthropic association, it was resolved that in addition to relieving distress the association should employ home-missionaries to preach down popery. Might the subscriptions of Catholics, who had joined the body with charitable views, be rightfully used for this end? Suppose that of the members of a book-club, the greater number, thinking that under existing circumstances rifle-practice was more important than reading, should decide to change the purpose of their union, and to apply the funds in hand for the purchase of powder, ball, and targets. Would the rest be bound by this decision? Suppose that under the excitement of news from Australia, the majority of a Freehold Land Society should determine, not simply to start in a body for the gold-diggings, but to use their accumulated capital to provide outfits. Would this appropriation of property be just to the minority? and must these join the expedition? Scarcely anyone would venture an affirmative answer even to the first of these questions; much less to the others. And why? Because everyone must perceive that by uniting himself with others, no man can equitably be betrayed into acts utterly foreign to the purpose for which he joined them. Each of these supposed minorities would properly reply to those seeking to coerce them:—'We combined with you for a defined object; we gave money and time for the furtherance of that object; on all questions thence arising we tacitly agreed to conform to the will of the greater number; but we did not agree to conform on any other questions. If you induce us to join you by professing a certain end, and then undertake some other end of which we were not apprised, you obtain our support under false pretences; you exceed the expressed or understood compact to which we committed ourselves; and we are no longer bound by your decisions.' Clearly this is the only rational interpretation of the matter. The general principle underlying the right government of every incorporated body, is, that its members contract with one another severally to submit to the will of the majority in all matters concerning the fulfilment of the objects for which they are incorporated; but in no others. To this extent only can the

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contract hold. For as it is implied in the very nature of a contract, that those entering into it must know what they contract to do; and as those who unite with others for a specified object, cannot contemplate all the unspecified objects which it is hypothetically possible for the union to undertake; it follows that the contract entered into cannot extend to such unspecified objects. And if there exists no expressed or understood contract between the union and its members respecting unspecified objects, then for the majority to coerce the minority into undertaking them, is nothing less than gross tyranny."

Naturally, if such a confusion of ideas exists in respect of the powers of a majority where the deed of incorporation tacitly limits those powers, still more must there exist such a confusion where there has been no deed of incorporation. Nevertheless the same principle holds. I again emphasize the proposition that the members of an incorporated body are bound "severally to submit to the will of the majority *in all matters concerning the fulfilment of the objects for which they are incorporated; but in no others.*" And I contend that this holds of an incorporated nation as much as of an incorporated company.

"Yes, but," comes the obvious rejoinder, "as there is no deed by which the members of a nation are incorporated—as there neither is, nor ever was, a specification of purposes for which the union was formed, there exist no limits; and, consequently, the power of the majority is unlimited."

Evidently it must be admitted that the hypothesis of a social contract, either under the shape assumed by Hobbes or under the shape assumed by Rousseau, is baseless. Nay more, it must be admitted that even had such a contract once been formed, it could not be binding on the posterity of those who formed it. Moreover, if any say that in the absence of those limitations to its powers which a deed of incorporation might imply, there is nothing to prevent a majority from imposing its will on a minority by force, assent must be given—an assent, however, joined with the comment that if the superior force of the majority is its justification, then the superior force of a despot backed by an adequate army, is also justified; the problem lapses. What we here seek is some higher warrant for the subordination of minority to majority than that arising from inability to resist physical coercion. Even Austin, anxious as he is to establish the unquestionable authority of positive law, and assuming, as he does, an absolute sovereignty of some kind, monarchic, aristocratic, constitutional, or popular, as the source of its unquestionable authority, is obliged, in the last resort, to admit a moral limit to its action over the community. While insisting, in pursuance of his rigid theory of sovereignty, that a sovereign body originating from the people "is *legally* free to abridge their political liberty, at its own pleasure or discretion," he allows that "a government may be hindered by *positive morality* from abridging the political liberty which it leaves

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or grants to its subjects." * Hence, we have to find, not a physical justification, but a moral justification, for the supposed absolute power of the majority.

This will at once draw forth the rejoinder—"Of course, in the absence of any agreement, with its implied limitations, the rule of the majority is unlimited; because it is more just that the majority should have its way than that the minority should have its way." A very reasonable rejoinder this seems until there comes the re-rejoinder. We may oppose to it the equally tenable proposition that, in the absence of an agreement, the supremacy of a majority over a minority does not exist at all. It is co-operation of some kind, from which there arise these powers and obligations of majority and minority; and in the absence of any agreement to co-operate, such powers and obligations are also absent.

Here the argument apparently ends in a deadlock. Under the existing condition of things, no moral origin seems assignable, either for the sovereignty of the majority or for the limitation of its sovereignty. But further consideration reveals a solution of the difficulty. For if, dismissing all thought of any hypothetical agreement to co-operate heretofore made, we ask what would be the agreement into which citizens would now enter with practical unanimity, we get a sufficiently clear answer; and with it a sufficiently clear justification for the rule of the majority inside a certain sphere but not outside that sphere. Let us first observe a few of the limitations which at once become apparent.

Were all Englishmen now asked if they would agree to co-operate for the teaching of religion, and would give the majority power to fix the creed and the forms of worship, there would come a very emphatic "No" from a large part of them. If, in pursuance of a proposal to revive sumptuary laws, the inquiry were made whether they would bind themselves to abide by the will of the majority in respect of the fashions and qualities of their clothes, nearly all of them would refuse. In like manner if (to take an actual question of the day) people were polled to ascertain whether, in respect of the beverages they drank, they would accept the decision of the greater number, certainly half, and probably more than half, would be unwilling. Similarly with respect to many other actions which most men now-a-days regard as of purely private concern. Whatever desire there might be to co-operate for carrying on, or regulating, such actions, would be far from a unanimous desire. Manifestly, then, had social co-operation to be commenced by ourselves, and had its purposes to be specified before consent to co-operate could be obtained, there would be large parts of human conduct in respect of which co-operation would be declined; and in respect of which, consequently, no authority by the majority over the minority could be rightly exercised.

Turn now to the converse question—For what ends would all men

* *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined.* Second edition, p. 241.

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agree to co-operate? None will deny that for resisting invasion the agreement would be practically unanimous. Excepting only the Quakers, who, having done highly useful work in their time, are now dying out, all would unite for defensive war (not, however, for offensive war); and they would, by so doing, tacitly bind themselves to conform to the will of the majority in respect of measures directed to that end. There would be practical unanimity, also, in the agreement to co-operate for defence against internal enemies as against external enemies. Omitting criminals, all must wish to have person and property adequately protected. Each citizen desires to preserve his life, to preserve things which conduce to maintenance and enjoyment of his life, and to preserve intact his liberties both of using these things and getting further such. It is obvious to him that he cannot do all this if he acts alone. Against foreign invaders he is powerless unless he combines with his fellows; and the business of protecting himself against domestic invaders, if he did not similarly combine, would be alike onerous, dangerous, and inefficient. In one other co-operation all are interested—use of the territory they inhabit. Did the primitive communal ownership survive, there would survive the primitive communal control of the uses to be made of land by individuals or by groups of them; and decisions of the majority would rightly prevail respecting the terms on which portions of it might be employed for raising food, for making means of communication, and for other purposes. Even at present, though the matter has been complicated by the growth of private landownership, yet, since the State is still supreme owner (every landlord being in law a tenant of the Crown) able to resume possession, or authorise compulsory purchase, at a fair price; the implication is that the will of the majority is valid respecting the modes in which, and conditions under which, parts of the surface or sub-surface, may be utilized: involving certain agreements made on behalf of the public with private persons and companies.

Details are not needful here; nor is it needful to discuss that border region lying between these two classes of cases, and to say how much is included in the last and how much is excluded with the first. For present purposes, it is sufficient to recognize the undeniable truth that there are numerous kinds of actions in respect of which men would not, if they were asked, agree with anything like unanimity to be bound by the will of the majority; while there are some kinds of actions in respect of which they would almost unanimously agree to be thus bound. Here, then, we find a definite warrant for enforcing the will of the majority within certain limits, and a definite warrant for denying the authority of its will beyond those limits.

But evidently, when analyzed, the question resolves itself into the further question—What are the relative claims of the aggregate and of its units? Are the rights of the community universally valid against

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the individual? or has the individual some rights which are valid against the community? The judgment given on this point underlies the entire fabric of political convictions formed, and more especially those convictions which concern the proper sphere of government. Here, then, I propose to revive a dormant controversy, with the expectation of reaching a different conclusion from that which is fashionable.

Says Professor Jevons, in his work, *The State in Relation to Labor*,— "The first step must be to rid our minds of the idea that there are any such things in social matters as abstract rights." Of like character is the belief expressed by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his article on Copyright:— "An author has no natural right to a property in his production. But then neither has he a natural right to anything whatever which he may produce or acquire." * So, too, I recently read in a weekly journal of high repute, that "to explain once more that there is no such thing as 'natural right' would be a waste of philosophy." And the view expressed in these extracts is commonly uttered by statesmen and lawyers in a way implying that only the unthinking masses hold any other.

One might have expected that utterances to this effect would have been rendered less dogmatic by the knowledge that a whole school of legists on the Continent, maintains a belief diametrically opposed to that maintained by the English school. The idea of *Natur-recht* is the root-idea of German jurisprudence. Now whatever may be the opinion held respecting German philosophy at large, it cannot be characterised as shallow. A doctrine current among a people distinguished above all others as laborious inquirers, and certainly not to be classed with superficial thinkers, should not be dismissed as though it were nothing more than a popular delusion. This, however, by the way. Along with the proposition denied in the above quotations, there goes a counter-proposition affirmed. Let us see what it is; and what results when we go behind it and seek its warrant.

On reverting to Bentham, we find this counter-proposition openly expressed. He tells us that government fulfils its office "by creating rights which it confers upon individuals: rights of personal security; rights of protection for honor; rights of property;" &c.† Were this doctrine asserted as following from the divine right of kings, there would be nothing in it manifestly incongruous. Did it come to us from ancient Peru, where the Ynca "was the source from which everything flowed;" ‡ or from Shoa (Abyssinia), where "of their persons and worldly substance he [the King] is absolute master;" ¶ or from Dahome, where "all men

* *Fortnightly Review*, 1880, vol. xxvii, p. 322.
† Bentham's Works (Bowring's edition), vol. i, p. 301.
‡ W. H. Prescott, *Conquest of Peru*, bk. i, ch. i.
¶ J. Harris, *Highlands of Æthiopia*, ii, 94.

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are slaves to the king;" * it would be consistent enough. But Bentham, far from being an absolutist like Hobbes, wrote in the interests of popular rule. In his *Constitutional Code* † he fixes the sovereignty in the whole people; arguing that it is best "to give the sovereign power to the largest possible portion of those whose greatest happiness is the proper and chosen object," because "this proportion is more apt than any other that can be proposed" for achievement of that object.

Mark, now, what happens when we put these two doctrines together. The sovereign people jointly appoint representatives, and so create a government; the government thus created, creates rights; and then, having created rights, it confers them on the separate members of the sovereign people by which it was itself created. Here is a marvellous piece of political legerdemain! Mr. Matthew Arnold, contending, in the article above quoted, that "property is the creation of law," tells us to beware of the "metaphysical phantom of property in itself." Surely, among metaphysical phantoms the most shadowy is this which supposes a thing to be obtained by creating an agent, which creates the thing, and then confers the thing on its own creator!

From whatever point of view we consider it, Bentham's proposition proves to be unthinkable. Government, he says, fulfils its office "by creating rights." Two meanings may be given to the word "creating." It may be supposed to mean the production of something out of nothing; or it may be supposed to mean the giving form and structure to something which already exists. There are many who think that the production of something out of nothing cannot be conceived as effected even by omnipotence; and probably none will assert that the production of something out of nothing is within the competence of a human government. The alternative conception is that a human government creates only in the sense that it shapes something pre-existing. In that case, the question arises—"What is the something pre-existing which it shapes?" Clearly the word "creating" begs the whole question—passes off an illusion on the unwary reader. Bentham was a stickler for definiteness of expression, and in his *Book of Fallacies* has a chapter on "Impostor-terms." It is curious that he should have furnished so striking an illustration of the perverted belief which an impostor-term may generate.

But now let us overlook these various impossibilities of thought, and seek the most defensible interpretation of Bentham's view.

It may be said that the totality of all powers and rights, originally exists as an undivided whole in the sovereign people; and that this undivided whole is given in trust (as Austin would say) to a ruling power, appointed by the sovereign people, for the purpose of distribution. If, as we have seen, the proposition that rights are created is simply a figure

* R. F. Burton, *Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome*, i, p. 226.

† Bentham's Works, vol. ix, p. 97.

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of speech; then the only intelligible construction of Bentham's view is that a multitude of individuals, who severally wish to satisfy their desires, and have, as an aggregate, possession of all the sources of satisfaction, as well as power over all individual actions, appoint a government, which declares the ways in which, and the conditions under which, individual actions may be carried on and the satisfactions obtained. Let us observe the implications. Each man exists in two capacities. In his private capacity he is subject to the government. In his public capacity he is one of the sovereign people who appoint the government. That is to say, in his private capacity he is one of those to whom rights are given; and in his public capacity he is one of those who, through the government they appoint, give the rights. Turn this abstract statement into a concrete statement, and see what it means. Let the community consist of a million men, who, by the hypothesis, are not only joint possessors of the inhabited region, but joint possessors of all liberties of action and appropriation: the only right recognized being that of the aggregate to everything. What follows? Each person, while not owning any product of his own labor, has, as a unit in the sovereign body, a millionth part of the ownership of the products of all others' labor. This is an unavoidable implication. As the government, in Bentham's view, is but an agent; the rights it confers are rights given to it in trust by the sovereign people. If so, such rights must be possessed *en bloc* by the sovereign people before the government, in fulfilment of its trust, confers them on individuals; and, if so, each individual has a millionth portion of these rights in his public capacity, while he has no rights in his private capacity. These he gets only when all the rest of the million join to endow him with them; while he joins to endow with them every other member of the million!

Thus, in whatever way we interpret it, Bentham's proposition leaves us in a plexus of absurdities.

Even though ignoring the opposite opinion of German and French writers on jurisprudence, and even without an analysis which proves their own opinion to be untenable, Bentham's disciples might have been led to treat less cavalierly the doctrine of natural rights. For sundry groups of social phenomena unite to prove that this doctrine is well warranted, and the doctrine they set against it unwarranted.

Tribes all over the world show us that before definite government arises, conduct is regulated by customs. The Bechuanas are controlled by "long-acknowledged customs." * Among the Koranna Hottentots, who only "tolerate their chiefs rather than obey them," † "when ancient usages are not in the way, every man seems to act as is right in his own eyes." ‡ The Araucanians are guided by "nothing more than primordial

* W. J. Burchell, *Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa,* vol. i, p. 544.
† Arbousset and Daumas, *Voyage of Exploration,* p. 27.
‡ G. Thompson, *Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa,* vol. ii, p. 30.

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usages or tacit conventions." * Among the Kirghizes the judgments of the elders are based on "universally-recognized customs." † Similarly of the Dyaks, Rajah Brooke says that "custom seems simply to have become the law; and breaking custom leads to a fine." ‡ So sacred are immemorial customs with the primitive man, that he never dreams of questioning their authority; and when government arises, its power is limited by them. In Madagascar the king's word suffices only "where there is no law, custom, or precedent." ¶ Raffles tells us that in Java "the customs of the country" || restrain the will of the ruler. In Sumatra, too, the people do not allow their chiefs to "alter their ancient usages." § Nay, occasionally, as in Ashantee, "the attempt to change some customs" has caused a king's dethronement.** Now, among the customs which we thus find to be pre-governmental, and which subordinate governmental power when it is established, are those which recognize certain individual rights—rights to act in certain ways and possess certain things. Even where the recognition of property is least developed, there is proprietorship of weapons, tools, and personal ornaments; and, generally, the recognition goes far beyond this. Among such North-American Indians as the Snakes, who are without Government, there is private ownership of horses. By the Chippewayans, "who have no regular government," game taken in private traps "is considered as private property." †† Kindred facts concerning huts, utensils, and other personal belongings, might be brought in evidence from accounts of the Ahts, the Comanches, the Esquimaux, and the Brazilian Indians. Among various uncivilized peoples, custom has established the claim to the crop grown on a cleared plot of ground, though not to the ground itself; and the Todas, who are wholly without political organization, make a like distinction between ownership of cattle and of land. Kolff's statement respecting "the peaceful Arafuras" well sums up the evidence. They "recognize the right of property in the fullest sense of the word, without there being any [other] authority among them than the decisions of their elders, according to the customs of their forefathers." ‡‡ But even without seeking proofs among the uncivilized, sufficient proofs are furnished by early stages of the civilized. Bentham and his followers seem to have forgotten that our own common law is mainly an embodiment of "the customs of

* G. A. Thompson, *Alcedo's Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America,* vol. i, p. 405.

† Alex. Michie, *Siberian Overland Route,* p. 248.

‡ C. Brooke, *Ten Years in Saráwak,* vol. i, p. 129.

¶ W. Ellis, *History of Madagascar,* vol. i, p. 377.

|| Sir T. S. Raffles, *History of Java,* i, 274.

§ W. Marsden, *History of Sumatra,* p. 217.

** J. Beecham, *Ashantee and the Gold Coast,* p. 90.

†† H. R. Schoolcraft, *Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi River,* v. 177.

‡‡ G. W. Earl's *Kolff's Voyage of the Dourga,* p. 161.

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the realm." It did but give definite shape to that which it found existing. Thus, the fact and the fiction are exactly opposite to what they allege. The fact is that property was well recognized before law existed; the fiction is that "property is the creation of law." These writers and statesmen who with so much scorn undertake to instruct the ignorant herd, themselves stand in need of instruction.

Considerations of another class might alone have led them to pause. Were it true, as alleged by Bentham, that Government fulfils its office "by creating rights which it confers on individuals;" then, the implication would be, that there should be nothing approaching to uniformity in the rights conferred by different governments. In the absence of a determining cause over-ruling their decisions, the probabilities would be many to one against considerable correspondence among their decisions. But there is very great correspondence. Look where we may, we find that governments interdict the same kinds of aggressions; and, by implication, recognize the same kinds of claims. They habitually forbid homicide, theft, adultery: thus asserting that citizens may not be trespassed against in certain ways. And as society advances, minor individual claims are protected by giving remedies for breach of contract, libel, false witness, &c. In a word, comparisons show that though codes of law differ in their details as they become elaborated, they agree in their fundamentals. What does this prove? It cannot be by chance that they thus agree. They agree because the alleged creating of rights was nothing else than giving formal sanction and better definition to those assertions of claims and recognitions of claims which naturally originate from the individual desires of men who have to live in presence of one another.

Comparative Sociology discloses another group of facts having the same implication. Along with social progress it becomes in an increasing degree the business of the State, not only to give formal sanction to men's rights, but also to defend them against aggressors. Before permanent government exists, and in many cases after it is considerably developed, the rights of each individual are asserted and maintained by himself, or by his family. Alike among savage tribes at present, among civilized peoples in the past, and even now in unsettled parts of Europe, the punishment for murder is a matter of private concern; "the sacred duty of blood revenge" devolves on some one of a cluster of relatives. Similarly, compensations for aggressions on property and for injuries of other kinds, are in early states of society independently sought by each man or family. But as social organization advances, the central ruling power undertakes more and more to secure to individuals their personal safety, the safety of their possessions, and, to some extent, the enforcement of their claims established by contract. Originally concerned almost exclusive with defence of the society as a whole against other societies, or with conducting its attacks on other societies, Government has come more and more to discharge the

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function of defending individuals against one another. It needs but to recall the days when men habitually carried weapons, or to bear in mind the greater safety to person and property achieved by improved police-administration during our own time, or to note the facilities now given for recovering small debts, to see that the insuring to each individual the unhindered pursuit of the objects of life, within limits set by others' like pursuits, is increasingly recognized as a duty of the State. In other words, along with social progress, there goes not only a fuller recognition of these which we call natural rights, but also a better enforcement of them by Government: Government becomes more and more the servant to these essential pre-requisites for individual welfare.

An allied and still more significant change has accompanied this. In early stages, at the same time that the State failed to protect the individual against aggression, it was itself an aggressor in multitudinous ways. Those ancient societies which advanced far enough to leave records, having all been conquering societies, show us everywhere the traits of the militant *régime*. As, for the effectual organization of fighting bodies, the soldiers, absolutely obedient, must act independently only when commanded to do it; so, for the effectual organization of fighting societies, citizens must have their individualities subordinated. Private claims are overridden by public claims; and the subject loses much of his freedom of action. One result is that the system of regimentation, pervading the society as well as the army, causes detailed regulation of conduct. The dictates of the ruler, sanctified by ascription of them to his divine ancestor, are unrestrained by any conception of individual liberty; and they specify men's actions to an unlimited extent—down to kinds of food eaten, modes of preparing them, shaping of beards, fringing of dresses, sowing of grain, &c. This omnipresent control, which the ancient Eastern nations in general exhibited, was exhibited also in large measure by the Greeks; and was carried to its greatest pitch in the most militant city, Sparta. Similarly during mediæval days throughout Europe, characterized by chronic warfare with its appropriate political forms and ideas, there were scarcely any bounds to Governmental interference; agriculture, manufactures, trades, were regulated in detail; religious beliefs and observances were imposed; and rulers said by whom alone furs might be worn, silver used, books issued, pigeons kept, &c., &c. But along with increase of industrial activities, and implied substitution of the *régime* of contract for the *régime* of status, and growth of associated sentiments, there went (until the recent reaction accompanying reversion to militant activity) a decrease of meddling with people's doings. Legislation gradually ceased to regulate the cropping of fields, or dictate the ratio of cattle to acreage, or specify modes of manufacture and materials to be used, or fix wages and prices, or interfere with dresses and games (except where there was gambling), or put bounties and penalties on imports or exports, or prescribe men's beliefs, religious or political,

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or prevent them from combining as they pleased, or travelling where they liked. That is to say, throughout a large range of conduct, the right of the citizen to uncontrolled action has been made good against the pretensions of the State to control him. While the ruling agency has increasingly helped him to exclude intruders from that private sphere in which he pursues the objects of life, it has itself retreated from that sphere; or, in other words—decreased its intrusions.

Not even yet have we noted all the classes of facts which tell the same story. It is told afresh in the improvements and reforms of law itself; as well as in the admissions and assertions of those who have effected them. "So early as the fifteenth century," says Professor Pollock, "we find a common-law judge declaring that, as in a case unprovided for by known rules the civilians and canonists devise a new rule according to 'the law of nature which is the ground of all laws,' the Courts of Westminster can and will do the like." * Again, our system of Equity, introduced and developed as it was to make up for the shortcomings of Common-law, or rectify its inequities, proceeded throughout on a recognition of men's claims considered as existing apart from legal warrant. And the changes of law now from time to time made after resistance, are similarly made in pursuance of current ideas concerning the requirements of justice; ideas which, instead of being derived from the law, are opposed to the law. For example, that recent Act which gives to a married woman a right of property in her own earnings, evidently originated in the consciousness that the natural connexion between labor expended and benefit enjoyed, is one which should be maintained in all cases. The reformed law did not create the right, but recognition of the right created the reformed law.

Thus, historical evidences of five different kinds unite in teaching that, confused as are the popular notions concerning rights, and including, as they do, a great deal which should be excluded, yet they shadow forth a truth.

It remains now to consider the original source of this truth. In a previous paper I have spoken of the open secret, that there can be no social phenomena but what, if we analyze them to the bottom, bring us down to the laws of life; and that there can be no true understanding of them without reference to the laws of life. Let us, then, transfer this question of natural rights from the court of politics to the court of science—the science of life. The reader need feel no alarm: the simplest and most obvious facts will suffice. We will contemplate first the general conditions to individual life; and then the general conditions to social life. We shall find that both yield the same verdict.

Animal life involves waste; waste must be met by repair; repair implies nutrition. Again, nutrition presupposes obtainment of food; food

* "The Methods of Jurisprudence: an Introductory Lecture at University College, London," October 31, 1882.

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cannot be got without powers of prehension, and, usually, of locomotion; and that these powers may achieve their ends, there must be freedom to move about. If you shut up a mammal in a small space, or tie its limbs together, or take from it the food it has procured, you eventually, by persistence in one or other of these courses, cause its death. Passing a certain point, hindrance to the fulfilment of these requirements is fatal. And all this, which holds of the higher animals at large, of course holds of man.

If we adopt pessimism as a creed, and with it accept the implication that life in general being an evil should be put an end to, then there is no ethical warrant for these actions by which life is maintained: the whole question drops. But if we adopt either the optimist view or the meliorist view—if we say that life on the whole yields more pleasure than pain; or that it is on the way to become such that it will yield more pleasure than pain; then these actions by which life is maintained are justified, and there results a warrant for the freedom to perform them. Those who hold that life is valuable, hold, by implication, that men ought not to be prevented from carrying on life-sustaining activities. In other words, if it is said to be "right" that they should carry them on, then, by permutation, we get the assertion that they "have a right" to carry them on. Clearly the conception of "natural rights" originates in recognition of the truth that if life is justifiable, there must be a justification for the performance of acts essential to its preservation; and, therefore, a justification for those liberties and claims which make such acts possible.

But being true of other creatures as of man, this is a proposition lacking ethical character. Ethical character arises only with the distinction between what the individual *may* do in carrying on his life-sustaining activities, and what he *may not* do. This distinction obviously results from the presence of his fellows. Among those who are in close proximity, or even some distance apart, the doings of each are apt to interfere with the doings of others; and in the absence of proof that some may do what they will without limit, while others may not, mutual limitation is necessitated. The non-ethical form of the right to pursue ends, passes into the ethical form, when there is recognized the difference between acts which can be performed without transgressing the limits, and others which cannot be so performed.

This, which is the *a priori* conclusion, is the conclusion yielded *a posteriori,* when we study the doings of the uncivilized. In its vaguest form, mutual limitation of spheres of action, and the ideas and the sentiments associated with it, are seen in the relations of groups to one another. Habitually there come to be established, certain bounds to the territories within which each tribe obtains its livelihood; and these bounds, when not respected, are defended. Among the Wood-Veddahs, who have no political organization, the small clans have their respective portions of forest; and "these conventional allotments are always honorably recog-

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nized." * Of the ungoverned tribes of Tasmania, we are told that "their hunting grounds were all determined, and trespassers were liable to attack." † And, manifestly, the quarrels caused among tribes by intrusions on one another's territories, tend, in the long run, to fix bounds and to give a certain sanction to them. As with each inhabited area, so with each inhabiting group. A death in one, rightly or wrongly ascribed to somebody in another, prompts "the sacred duty of blood-revenge;" and though retaliations are thus made chronic, some restraint is put on new aggressions. Like causes worked like effects in those early stages of civilized societies, during which families or clans, rather than individuals, were the political units; and during which each family or clan had to maintain itself and its possessions against others such. These mutual restraints, which in the nature of things arise between small communities, similarly arise between individuals in each community; and the ideas and usages appropriate to the one are more or less appropriate to the other. Though within each group there is ever a tendency for the stronger to aggress on the weaker; yet, in most cases, consciousness of the evils resulting from aggressive conduct serves to restrain. Everywhere among primitive peoples, trespasses are followed by counter-trespasses. Says Turner of the Tannese, "adultery and some other crimes are kept in check by the fear of club-law." ‡ Fitzroy tells us that the Patagonian, "if he does not injure or offend his neighbour, is not interfered with by others;" ¶ personal vengeance being the penalty for injury. We read of the Uapés that "they have very little law of any kind; but what they have is of strict retaliation—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." || And that the *lex talionis* tends to establish a distinction between what each member of the community may safely do and what he may not safely do, and consequently to give sanctions to actions within a certain range but not beyond that range, is obvious. Though, says Schoolcraft of the Chippewayans, they "have no regular government, as every man is lord in his own family, they are influenced more or less by certain principles, which conduce to their general benefit:" § one of the principles named being recognition of private property.

How mutual limitation of activities originates the ideas and sentiments implied by the phrase "natural rights," we are shown most distinctly by the few peaceful tribes which have either nominal governments or none at all. Beyond those facts which exemplify scrupulous regard for one another's claims among the Todas, Santals, Lepchas, Bodo, Chakmas, Jakuns,

* Sir J. E. Tennant, *Ceylon: an Account of the Island, &c.*, ii, 440.
† J. Bonwick, *Daily Life and Origin of the Tasmanians*, p. 83.
‡ *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, p. 86.
¶ *Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle*, ii, 167.
|| A. R. Wallace, *Travels on Amazon and Rio Negro*, p. 499.
§ H. R. Schoolcraft, *Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi*, v. 177.

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Arafuras, &c., we have the fact that the utterly uncivilized Wood-Veddahs, without any social organization at all, "think it perfectly inconceivable that any person should ever take that which does not belong to him, or strike his fellow, or say anything that is untrue." * Thus it becomes clear, alike from analysis of causes and observation of facts, that while the positive element in the right to carry on life-sustaining activities, originates from the laws of life, that negative element which gives ethical character to it, originates from the conditions produced by social aggregation.

So alien to the truth, indeed, is the alleged creation of rights by government, that, contrariwise, rights having been established more or less clearly before government arises, become obscured as government develops along with that militant activity which, both by the taking of slaves and the establishment of ranks, produces *status;* and the recognition of rights begins again to get definiteness only as fast as militancy ceases to be chronic and governmental power declines.

When we turn from the life of the individual to the life of the society, the same lesson is taught us.

Though mere love of companionship prompts primitive men to live in groups, yet the chief prompter is experience of the advantages to be derived from co-operation. On what condition only can co-operation arise? Evidently on condition that those who join their efforts severally gain by doing so. If, as in the simplest cases, they unite to achieve something which each by himself cannot achieve, or can achieve less readily, it must be on the tacit understanding, either that they shall share the benefit (as when game is caught by a party of them), or that if one reaps all the benefit now (as in building a hut or clearing a plot), the others shall severally reap equivalent benefits in their turns. When, instead of efforts joined in doing the same thing, different things are effected by them—when division of labor arises, with accompanying barter of products, the arrangement implies that each in return for something which he has in superfluous quantity, gets an approximate equivalent of something which he wants. If he hands over the one and does not get the other, future proposals to exchange will meet with no response. There will be a reversion to that rudest condition in which each makes everything for himself. Hence the possibility of co-operation depends on fulfilment of contract, tacit or overt.

Now this which we see must hold of the very first step towards that industrial organization by which the life of a society is maintained, must hold more or less fully throughout its development. Though the militant type of organization, with its system of *status* produced by chronic war, greatly obscures these relations of contracts, yet they remain partially in

* B. F. Hartshorne in *Fortnightly Review,* March, 1876. See also H. C. Sirr, *Ceylon and Ceylonese,* ii, 219.

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force. They still hold between freemen, and between the heads of those small groups which form the units of early societies; and, in a measure, they still hold within these small groups themselves; since survival of them as groups, implies such recognition of the claims of their numbers, even when slaves, that in return for their labors they get sufficiencies of food, clothing, and protection. And when, with diminution of warfare and growth of trade, voluntary co-operation more and more replaces compulsory co-operation, and the carrying on of social life by exchange under agreement, partially suspended for a time, gradually re-establishes itself; its re-establishment makes possible that vast elaborate industrial organization by which a great nation is sustained.

For in proportion as contracts are unhindered and the performance of them certain, the growth is great and the social life active. It is not now by one or other of two individuals who contract, that the evil effects of breach of contract are experienced. In an advanced society, they are experienced by entire classes of producers and distributors, which have arisen through division of labor; and, eventually, they are experienced by everybody. Ask on what condition it is that Birmingham devotes itself to manufacturing hardware, or part of Staffordshire to making pottery, or Lancashire to weaving cotton. Ask how the rural people who here grow wheat and there pasture cattle, find it possible to occupy themselves in their special businesses. These groups can severally thus act only if each gets from the others in exchange for its own surplus product, due shares of their surplus products. No longer directly effected by barter, this obtainment of their respective shares of one another's products is indirectly effected by money; and if we ask how each division of producers gets its due amount of the required money, the answer is—by fulfilment of contract. If Leeds makes woollens and does not, by fulfilment of contract, receive the means of obtaining from agricultural districts the needful quantity of food, it must starve, and stop producing woollens. If South Wales smelts iron and there comes no equivalent agreed upon, enabling it to get fabrics for clothing, its industry must cease. And so throughout, in general and in detail. That mutual dependence of parts which we see in social organization, as in individual organization, is possible only on condition that while each other part does the particular kind of work it has become adjusted to, it receives its proportion of those materials required for repair and growth, which all the other parts have joined to produce: such proportion being settled by bargaining. Moreover, it is by fulfilment of contract that there is effected a balancing of all the various products to the various needs—the large manufacture of knives and the small manufacture of lancets; the great growth of wheat and the little growth of mustard-seed. The check on undue production of each commodity, results from finding that, after a certain quantity, no one will agree to take any further quantity on terms

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that yield an adequate money equivalent. And so there is prevented a useless expenditure of labor in producing that which society does not want.

Lastly, we have to note the still more significant fact that the condition under which only, any specialized group of workers can grow when the community needs more of its particular kind of work, is that contracts shall be free and fulfilment of them enforced. If when, from lack of material, Lancashire failed to supply the usual quantity of cotton-goods, there had been such interference with the contracts as prevented Yorkshire from asking a greater price for its woollens, which it was enabled to do by the greater demand for them, there would have been no temptation to put more capital into the woollen manufacture, no increase in the amount of machinery and number of artisans employed, and no increase of woollens: the consequence being that the whole community would have suffered from not having deficient cottons replaced by extra woollens. What serious injury may result to a nation if its members are hindered from contracting with one another, was well shown in the contrast between England and France in respect of railways. Here, though obstacles were at first raised by classes predominant in the legislature, the obstacles were not such as prevented capitalists from investing, engineers from furnishing directive skill, or contractors from undertaking works; and the high interest originally obtained on investments, the great profits made by contractors, and the large payments received by engineers, led to that drafting of money, energy, and ability, into railway-making, which rapidly developed our railway-system, to the enormous increase of our national prosperity. But when M. Thiers, then Minister of Public Works, came over to inspect, and having been taken about by Mr. Vignoles, said to him when leaving:—"I do not think railways are suited to France," * there resulted, from the consequent policy of hindering free contract, a delay of "eight or ten years" in that material progress which France experienced when railways were made.

What do these facts mean? They mean that for the healthful activity and due proportioning of those industries, occupations and professions, which maintain and aid the life of a society, there must, in the first place, be few restrictions on men's liberties to make agreements with one another, and there must, in the second place, be an enforcement of the agreements which they do make. As we have seen, the checks naturally arising to each man's actions when men become associated, are those only which result from mutual limitation; and there consequently can be no resulting check to the contracts they voluntarily make: interference with these is interference with those rights to free action which remain to each when the rights of others are fully recognized. And then, as we have seen, enforcement of their rights implies enforcement of contracts made; since breach of con-

* Address of C. B. Vignoles, Esq., F.R.S., on his election as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Session 1869-70, p. 53.

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tract is indirect aggression. If, when a customer on one side of the counter asks a shopkeeper on the other for a shilling's worth of his goods, and, while the shopkeeper's back is turned, walks off with the goods without leaving the shilling he tacitly contracted to give, his act differs in no essential way from robbery. In each such case the individual injured is deprived of something he possessed, without receiving the equivalent something bargained for; and is in the state of having expended his labor without getting benefit—has had an essential condition to the maintenance of life infringed.

Thus, then, it results that to recognize and enforce the rights of individuals, is at the same time to recognize and enforce the conditions to a normal social life. There is one vital requirement for both.

Before turning to those corollaries which have practical applications, let us observe how the special conclusions drawn converge to the one general conclusion originally foreshadowed—glancing at them in reversed order.

We have just found that the pre-requisite to individual life is in a double sense the pre-requisite to social life. The life of a society, in whichever of two senses conceived, depends on maintenance of individual rights. If it is nothing more than the sum of the lives of citizens, this implication is obvious. If it consists of those many unlike activities which citizens carry on in mutual dependence, still this aggregate impersonal life rises or falls according as the rights of individuals are enforced or denied.

Study of men's politico-ethical ideas and sentiments, leads to allied conclusions. Primitive peoples of various types show us that before governments exist, immemorial customs recognize private claims and justify maintenance of them. Codes of law independently evolved by different nations, agree in forbidding certain trespasses on the persons, properties, and liberties of citizens; and their correspondences imply, not an artificial source for individual rights, but a natural source. Along with social development, the formulating in law of the rights pre-established by custom, becomes more definite and elaborate. At the same time, Government undertakes to an increasing extent the business of enforcing them. While it has been becoming a better protector, Government has been becoming less aggressive—has more and more diminished its intrusions on men's spheres of private action. And, lastly, as in past times laws were avowedly modified to fit better with current ideas of equity; so now, law-reformers are guided by ideas of equity which are not derived from law but to which law has to conform.

Here, then, we have a politico-ethical theory justified alike by analysis and by history. What have we against it? A fashionable counter-theory, purely dogmatic, which proves to be unjustifiable. On the one hand, while we find that individual life and social life both imply maintenance of the

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natural relation between efforts and benefits; we also find that this natural relation, recognized before Government existed, has been all along asserting and re-asserting itself, and obtaining better recognition in codes of law and systems of ethics. On the other hand, those who, denying natural rights, commit themselves to the assertion that rights are artificially created by law, are not only flatly contradicted by facts, but their assertion is self-destructive: the endeavor to substantiate it, when challenged, involves them in manifold absurdities.

Nor is this all. The re-institution of a vague popular conception in a definite form on a scientific basis, leads us to a rational view of the relation between the wills of majorities and minorities. It turns out that those co-operations in which all can voluntarily unite, and in the carrying on of which the will of the majority is rightly supreme, are co-operations for maintaining the conditions requisite to individual and social life. Defence of the society as a whole against external invaders, has for its remote end to preserve each citizen in possession of such means as he has for satisfying his desires, and in possession of such liberty as he has for getting further means. And defence of each citizen against internal invaders, from murderers down to those who inflict nuisances on their neighbors, has obviously the like end—an end desired by every one save the criminal and disorderly. Hence it follows that for maintenance of this vital principle, alike of individual life and social life, subordination of minority to majority is legitimate; as implying only such a trenching on the freedom and property of each, as is requisite for the better protecting of his freedom and property. At the same time it follows that such subordination is not legitimate beyond this; since, implying as it does a greater aggression upon the individual than is requisite for protecting him, it involves a breach of the vital principle which is to be maintained.

Thus we come round again to the proposition that the assumed divine right of parliaments, and the implied divine right of majorities, are superstitions. While men have abandoned the old theory respecting the source of State-authority, they have retained a belief in that unlimited extent of State-authority which rightly accompanied the old theory, but does not rightly accompany the new one. Unrestricted power over subjects, rationally ascribed to the ruling man when he was held to be a deputy-god, is now ascribed to the ruling body, the deputy-godhood of which nobody asserts.

Opponents will, possibly, contend that discussions about the origin and limits of governmental authority are mere pedantries. "Government," they may perhaps say, "is bound to use all the means it has, or can get, for furthering the general happiness. Its aim must be utility; and it is warranted in employing whatever measures are needful for achieving useful ends. The welfare of the people is the supreme law; and legislators are

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not to be deterred from obeying that law by questions concerning the source and range of their power." Is there really an escape here? or may this opening be effectually closed?

The essential question raised is the truth of the utilitarian theory as commonly held; and the answer here to be given is that, as commonly held, it is not true. Alike by the statements of utilitarian moralists, and by the acts of politicians knowingly or unknowingly following their lead, it is implied that utility is to be directly determined by simple inspection of the immediate facts and estimation of probable results. Whereas, utilitarianism as rightly understood, implies guidance by the general conclusions which analysis of experience yields. "Good and bad results cannot be accidental, but must be necessary consequences of the constitution of things;" and it is "the business of Moral Science to deduce, from the laws of life and the conditions of existence, what kinds of action necessarily tend to produce happiness, and what kinds to produce unhappiness." * Current utilitarian speculation, like current practical politics, shows inadequate consciousness of natural causation. The habitual thought is that, in the absence of some obvious impediment, things can be done this way or that way; and no question is put whether there is either agreement or conflict with the normal working of things.

The foregoing discussions have, I think, shown that the dictates of utility, and, consequently, the proper actions of governments, are not to be settled by inspection of facts on the surface, and acceptance of their *primâ facie* meanings; but are to be settled by reference to, and deductions from, fundamental facts. The fundamental facts to which all rational judgments of utility must go back, are the facts that life consists of, and is maintained by, certain activities; and that among men in a society, these activities, necessarily becoming mutually limited, are to be carried on by each within the limits thence arising, and not carried on beyond those limits: the maintenance of the limits becoming, by consequence, the function of the agency which regulates society. If each, having freedom to use his powers up to the bounds fixed by the like freedom of others, obtains from his fellow-men as much for his services as they find them worth in comparison with the services of others—if contracts uniformly fulfilled bring to each the share thus determined, and he is left secure in person and possessions to satisfy his wants with the proceeds; then there is maintained the vital principle alike of individual life and of social life. Further, there is maintained the vital principle of social progress; inasmuch as, under such conditions, the individuals of most worth will prosper and multiply more than those of less worth. So that utility, not as empirically estimated but as rationally determined, enjoins this maintenance of individual rights; and, by implication, negatives any course which traverses them.

Here, then, we reach the ultimate interdict against meddling legislation.

* *Data of Ethics*, § 21. See also §§ 56-62.

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Reduced to its lowest terms, every proposal to interfere with citizens' activities further than by enforcing their mutual limitations, is a proposal to improve life by breaking through the fundamental conditions to life. When some are prevented from buying beer that others may be prevented from getting drunk, those who make the law assume that more good than evil will result from interference with the normal relation between conduct and consequences, alike in the few ill-regulated and the many well-regulated. A government which takes fractions of the incomes of multitudinous people, for the purpose of sending to the colonies some who have not prospered here, or for building better industrial dwellings, or for making public libraries and public museums, &c., takes for granted that, not only proximately but ultimately, increased general happiness will result from transgressing the essential requirement to general happiness—the requirement that each shall enjoy all those means to happiness which his actions, carried on without aggression, have brought him. In other cases we do not thus let the immediate blind us to the remote. When asserting the sacredness of property against private transgressors, we do not ask whether the benefit to a hungry man who takes bread from a baker's shop, is or is not greater than the injury inflicted on the baker: we consider, not the special effects, but the general effects which arise if property is insecure. But when the State exacts further amounts from citizens, or further restrains their liberties, we consider only the direct and proximate effects, and ignore the indirect and distant effects. We do not see that by accumulated small infractions of them, the vital conditions to life, individual and social, come to be so imperfectly fulfilled that the life decays.

Yet the decay thus caused becomes manifest where the policy is pushed to an extreme. Any one who studies, in the writings of MM. Taine and de Tocqueville, the state of things which preceded the French Revolution, will see that that tremendous catastrophe came about from so excessive a regulation of men's actions in all their details, and such an enormous drafting away of the products of their actions to maintain the regulating organization, that life was fast becoming impracticable. The empirical utilitarianism of that day, like the empirical utilitarianism of our day, differed from rational utilitarianism in this, that in each successive case it contemplated only the effects of particular interferences on the actions of particular classes of men, and ignored the effects produced by a multiplicity of such interferences on the lives of men at large. And if we ask what then made, and what now makes, this error possible, we find it to be the political superstition that governmental power is subject to no restraints.

When that "divinity" which "doth hedge a king," and which has left a glamour around the body inheriting his power, has quite died away—when it begins to be seen clearly that, in a popularly governed nation, the government is simply a committee of management; it will also be seen

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that this committee of management has no intrinsic authority. The inevitable conclusion will be that its authority is given by those appointing it; and has just such bounds as they choose to impose. Along with this will go the further conclusion that the laws it passes are not in themselves sacred; but that whatever sacredness they have, it is entirely due to the ethical sanction—an ethical sanction which, as we find, is derivable from the laws of human life as carried on under social conditions. And there will come the corollary that when they have not this ethical sanction they have no sacredness, and may rightly be challenged.

The function of Liberalism in the past was that of putting a limit to the powers of kings. The function of true Liberalism in the future will be that of putting a limit to the powers of Parliaments.

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MR. MASTERS' "SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY": A CRITICISM

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

THE only true basis of artistic judgment is æsthetic form. All other methods are necessarily superficial and dependent on prejudice, taste, preference and a whole suite of irrelevant "appeals" which emanate from the individual and do not touch on the *inherent* merit or demerit of the work criticized. Deny this, and you deny psychology, chemistry, heliotropism and biology—all of which sciences are the bases of æsthetic apperception. Music and modern painting have steadily approached the pure, abstract standard of valuation. The tutored art lover no longer demands moods, drama and illustration in music; nor does he demand anecdote, "atmosphere," meticulous objectivity or "feeling" in painting. Such arbitrary characteristics have given way to profounder postulates. Hence Cézanne is a greater painter than Whistler; Beethoven a greater composer than Massenet. But in literature, the most laggard of all the arts, the cultured world still clings to the shallow, abecedary methods of judgment—methods which even the illiterate would scorn to apply to music: that is, we still judge literature and its chlorotic offspring, poetry, by their documentary, illustrative, atmospheric, meteorological or mimetic accretions. A book or a poem we pronounce good or bad according to its ability to give us a realistic picture, to stir up our associative processes, or to inspire in us specific sentiments such as joy, sorrow, pity, revenge, longing, etc. We even evade important qualities of art so far as to talk of the teachings or philosophy of a literary work.

No better example of this inadequate and irrelevant system of judgment can be found than in the recent babble set in motion by Mr. Edgar Lee Masters' book of *vers libre, Spoon River Anthology*. Not even the author, I warrant, would claim for his efforts any strictly æsthetic merit, namely, that they follow the empathical form and rhythmic organization which accord with the emotional reactions as analyzed and recorded, for instance,

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in the Würzburg experiments. If he should make such a claim it would be to confess his total ignorance of the science of æsthetics. For the æsthetician, the man who is deeply concerned with the larger and fundamental issues of art, Mr. Masters' book is of no more interest or importance than a newspaper obituary. As art, in the true sense, it is non-existent.

But let us, on the other hand, consider the book from the customary points of approach—realism, lyricism, document, photography, philosophy, psychology (in the sense of trait-probing), poetic diction, atmosphere, and originality. What has Mr. Masters to offer to the lovers of such minor literary appurtenances?

As realism the book obviously will not stand. It is too deficient in details, too crowded with speculation and omniscient assumptions. To use a man's or a woman's real name, in place of "he" and "she," is only a spurious method of provoking a pseudo-realism. The daily newspapers or the police records are far more realistic in Mr. Masters' own manner, for, as a rule, they give the definite address (house number and street) of a man, as well as his name in full. But even considering realism from the literary viewpoint, we are able to find more serious and profound realism in almost any paragraph of any one of Mr. Theodore Dreiser's novels, or, for that matter, in a hundred lesser writers beneath the intelligent reader's consideration.

Lyricism, that precise and musical form of writing, Mr. Masters has frankly avoided. The melodious care of a Swinburne or a Shelley is, by implication, to him anathema. His lines repudiate scansion, as he himself repudiates rhyme. Sidney Lanier's great book on the science of verse has, so far as this author is concerned, been written in vain. He has other theories, other means, other beliefs concerning prosody; and they have as their evident basis meaningless chaos. If this is not true, Mr. Masters' execution is faulty.

As a document the *Spoon River Anthology* is unvital and cutaneous. It treats exclusively of the aspects and effects of human actions and reactions: never of the underlying causes, of impulses or desires to which one could apply, even casually, such an adjective as cosmic, basic or protoplasmic. Motives are

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not advanced, only reasons, such as religion, breeding, failure, love, desire, lust, hatred, maternalism, and the like. Each one of these emotions is, in itself, the surface effect of a subterraneous cause. Even motherhood, the deepest of Mr. Masters' actuating impulses, is only a manifestation of a greater and more cryptic impulse in human nature. But these profounder motivations are not once suggested: the biological or chemical imperative, for Mr. Masters, does not exist. As document, therefore, his book is the sheerest reportorialism.

In illustration—the most insignificant of all literary considerations—Mr. Masters makes his strongest appeal. He gives us pictures. But ask yourself if these pictures are one-tenth as powerful as many of the stories of the better-class war-correspondent. Are they as complete and powerful, in fact, as the pictures of such second-rate novelists as Jack London, Rex Beach and Henry Milner Rideout? Are they as comprehensive in their depiction of the social life of a small city as a dozen novels you can name, which specialize in localized characterizations? Even Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches* show up the many currents and cross-currents of a community with as able and incisive a dexterity as the *Spoon River Anthology:* and Leacock has the added gift of attractive humor.

Philosophically Mr. Masters has nothing to offer, unless we are to accept the lesson of human tolerance. Such a preachment is not new; it is a platitude, and many eminent thinkers have questioned its worth, tracing it to decadent and weakened organisms. We find it in nearly every issue of the popular magazines; and even were it an established truth, it would be scarcely enough to give viability to a nearly defunct literary effort.

In the matter of "psychology"—as that word is loosely used in connection with fiction—the *Spoon River Anthology* is unable to qualify beyond the most superficial empiricism. There is no observation in the book which could not be made by any shrewd reporter who had served an apprenticeship in the police courts. "A grasp of human nature"—as the phrase goes—is all Mr. Masters possesses; but this gift is so common, even among serious second-rate writers, that one cannot assume it to be a distinguishing trait.

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Consider, next, the book's diction. You may search in vain for Pater's "gypsy phrase," for any inevitable juxtaposition of words, for any moving figures of speech, for any striking expressions which lift bald prose into the realm of beauty. The following "poem" is characteristic:

"I was the only child of Frances Harris of Virginia and Thomas Greene of Kentucky, of valiant and honorable blood both. To them I owe all I became, judge, member of Congress, leader in the State. From my mother I inherited vivacity, fancy, language; from my father will, judgment, logic. All honor to them for what service I was to the people!"

Obviously, not only is this not poetic diction, but it is not even smooth and well-constructed prose. Mr. Dreiser, who admittedly is not a stylist and who has been taken severely to task for his dictional slovenliness, would not permit such an awkward description to enter one of his novels; and in Mr. Masters' book it is put down as a complete poem—divided into unequal lines, to be sure.

Has the *Spoon River Anthology* atmosphere? Suppose the point is admitted: does that give its author any claim to greatness? As any literary craftsman knows, atmosphere is a trick—a thing to be found in hundreds of books which no one pretends to take seriously. It is, in fact, almost impossible for an experienced author to write of a locality with which he is intimate without "creating an atmosphere." The trick is to a great extent unconscious. Oblivion is peopled with makers of "atmosphere." The lesser painters and musicians are full of it. It is perhaps the meagrest of all artistic appeals.

We come now to the subject of Mr. Masters' originality—a quality for which he has been widely acclaimed. But here again we must deny him admittance. Turn back to Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Children of the Night,* copyright in 1896 and 1897, and published in 1905, and you will find the undeniable source of this new author's ideas and inspiration—not only in his broad scheme, but down to the smallest general details. Mr. Robinson, nearly twenty years ago, did almost exactly what Mr. Masters

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has done this year, only the former did it beautifully, skilfully and poetically. Read such poems of Mr. Robinson's as *John Everaldown, Richard Cory, Cliff Klingenhagen, Fleming Helphenstine, Reuben Bright* and *The Tavern:* then read Mr. Masters' *Eugene Carman, Richard Bone, Chase Henry, "Butch" Weldy, Tom Merrit* and *Barry Holden.* The parallels between these two writers is too close, too self-evident, to be denied. Mr. Masters comes direct from Mr. Robinson; just as Mr. Robinson grew out of George Crabbe. The "originality" of the *Spoon River Anthology* is its smallest claim to our attention.

If the book, then, fails consistently in all these tests, what is left? . . . Nothing. But why should it have created so extensive a sensation, and gained for its author so pleasant a reputation? The answer lies in the very faults and shortcomings of the book. The Anglo-Saxon is a lover of superficial speciousness, of quasi-materialism, of cheap novelty. He also takes a secret delight in boldness of expression and morbid sexual details—the hypocritical Freudian reaction to a zymotic puritanism. These things are all summed up and emphasized in the *Spoon River Anthology.*

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"SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY"

Bliss Carman

COMING home from the post office
in New Canaan,
Carrying "The Spoon River Anthology,"
Which had just come to me for review,
I opened it by chance at page one fifty-four.
With eager enthusiasm
To find something new and beautiful in poetry,
In this unusual book of which I had heard,
There I read the following,
(Walking slowly a few steps at a time,
The better to enjoy the perusal).

Enoch Dunlap

'How many times during the twenty years
I was your leader, friends of Spoon River,
Did you neglect the convention and caucus,
And leave the burden on my hands
Of guarding and saving the people's cause?—
Sometimes because you were ill;
Or your grandmother was ill;
Or you drank too much and fell asleep;
Or else you said: 'He's our leader,
All will be well, he fights for us;
We have nothing to do but follow.'
But oh, how you cursed me when I fell,
And cursed me, saying I had betrayed you,
In leaving the caucus room for a moment,
When the people's enemies, there assembled,
Waited and Watched for a chance to destroy
The Scared Rights of the People.
You common rabble! I left the caucus
To go to the urinal."

First I gasped with a cold shock,
Then I hooted for joy.
Shades of Tennyson and Victoria Almighty!
Have you a photograph of the great laureate
Sending a copy of this to Windsor?

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Can it be possible that this is New England,
And am I still living in the world in which I
was born?
Or am I, too, as dead as all these people
In the green Spoon River Cemetery,
A relic of another age walking round like a
ghost?
Very likely.
Anyhow, it made me catch my breath,
This terrible frankness.
But after the first momentary astonishment,
I was delighted. Here perhaps was something
As naïve and grotesque as good old Walt,
When he solemnly tried to use forbidden words
With a straight face,
And only succeeded in raising a grin.
After I had read more of the Anthology,
And had got the unadorned biographies
Of A. D. Blood, and Nellie Clark,
And Georgine Sand Miner, and a few more
Of these Spoon River townspeople,
I found that it was so,—that Edgar Lee Masters
Has more in common with Walt Whitman

Than just a lack of rhythm.
He can touch upon Rabelaisian topics,
And describes scenes of Hogarthian deviltry,
Without cracking a smile.
In spite of everything he remains
As wise and sober as an owl.
He is a satirist of humanity,
As bitter as Swift and as sombre as old John
Knox.
This is his record of graveyard memories,
Nearly all of them horrible, tragic, revolting,
And bleak as desolation.

But then, what would you have?
Digging among graves is not a cheerful
business,
And prying into poor dead people's secrets
Is not an enlivening occupation for a spring
morning.
Still there have to be undertakers, and autopsies,

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Body-snatchers and bad smells,
As well as new moons and April showers,
And love's enchanted dream.
And if Mr. Masters was willing to assume
The grisly task, let us give him his fee
With a "No more, thank you."
He's the spiritual sexton of Spoon River,
He lays bare all the hidden life of the town,
With all the freedom of the dead, who know
no shame,
Who have neither reticences nor hope any more
He uncovers all these common lives for our
inspection,
As ruthlessly as a hyena among shallow graves.
His Anthology is a morgue of souls,
A Charnel house of decayed characters.

Page after page, name after name,
Common, typical, convincing American names,
As I proceed through this array of corpses,
Each tagged with its unequivocal epitaph,
Often terse as the Greek Anthology,
Uncompromising as death itself,
Robbed of the glamour and pride of life,
I am sickened by the uncovered corruption
Of the Elite of Spoon River,
And wearied by the dreadful sameness
Of their futility. Their lives make up a tale
As depressing as a Russian novel.

Among these two hundred and more records,
Every one of them a plot for a short story,
Only a few, like those of Caroline Branson,
And Lucinda Matlock, allow me to remain glad
Or confident about life. That is why
I should never want to read the book a second
time,
In spite of its fascination and power.
You tell me it is the most original work
Written in a decade in American letters.
Very well, I shall not dispute with you.
But you must kindly—excuse me!
Perhaps you will question whether the book
Should be called poetry. There are people
like that.

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But if you don't want to read it a second time,
It doesn't matter whether it's poetry or not.
And if you want to read it a dozen times,
And keep it under your pillow, it doesn't
matter either.

A couple of weeks ago one of the New York papers
Printed a pen picture of Theodore Dreiser the novelist,
A brief psychological study I suppose you would call it,
By the chronicler of Spoon River.
Very realistic it was, and unsparing,
As brilliant as a portrait by Sargent,
And about as complimentary.
But all I have to say is,
That if the author of this Anthology
Is going to start on a peregrination,
Dissecting knife and fountain-pen in hand,
Gathering in the scalps of the living,
As he gathered the locks of the dead,
I hope to God he won't come to New Canaan.
I feel about him as the colored people in the
South
Feel about the "night doctors."

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"SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY"

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

WE marvel constantly as we read the *Spoon River Anthology,* that never before has there been a man to do this thing; a man endowed with sufficient keenness of insight and craft of portraiture. It is the skilful welding together of the arts of the poet and the novelist. Indeed, if we leave form aside the book comes much nearer to the novel in interest than any other poetry which American literature has produced. There is the complexity of plot, a complexity of chance rather than design, and the especial characterization which the novel produces. I do not deny the poetry, in fact the very vivid poetry that illumines these irregular verses, but no modern verse has ever told such a story in which each individual poem is like a chapter of fiction in itself, making the whole something tremendous and sublime, comparable to those great pulsing representations and moods of life so admirably typified in the Russian novel. Mr. Masters' remarkable power of observation and his faculty of crystallizing the image of a character is extraordinary. The simplicity and bareness of his outlines are done with strokes that visualize an immense depth of human nature. He has made real for us not one man, nor a half dozen, but an entire community of human beings as diversified in nature as those one may discover in any typical American village. They live before us, vital and vivid as actual life itself; only with these people of Mr. Masters' creation the reticence of life has dropped away, and we know them as we cannot know the living. But we know the living are like them, are these very same people with similar forces of fate and circumstance working upon and influencing their experiences.

The rhythms of free verse are admirably suited for Mr. Masters' purposes, and in his use of them he has created a more mobile instrument than either prose or rhymed verse could be. *Spoon River Anthology* is a romance of the dead, who speak freely of their mortal existence with a trenchant nakedness of utterance. Speaking from beyond the grave, they seem glad of

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the advantage of having a last chance to tell the world the truth about themselves. In this there is a fine opportunity for irony, and the irony of life was never more poignantly expressed. The depth of Mr. Masters' conceptive powers is shown when these former Spoon River inhabitants ironically comment upon the inappropriate epitaphs carved on their tombstones and monuments.

Spoon River is a village in Illinois overshadowed by the fame and memories of Abraham Lincoln. The Anthology gives us the impression of a series of chronicles which make a great and connected story. Indeed Mr. Masters in giving us The Spooniad, a fragment of what might have been an eighteenth century satire, and written by Jonathan Swift Somers, the laureate of Spoon River, confirms for me a vague prearrangement of the fictional design in the poems. There are certain of the predominating characters, such as Thomas Rhodes who ran the bank and the church, and whose impress is so lasting that a large number of the two hundred and more characters speak of the various ways in which he affected their lives. Then again there are many cases where we are allowed to view the happenings of Spoon River from the standpoint of each of the participants, and in a clearer method than even a novel permits. Where the poet in Mr. Masters rises superior to the novelist is in his strict impartiality; he never bestows his sympathy as a novelist does; standing wholly aloof he merely exhibits the actors, and leaves us to our own opinions. The keen, analytical grasp of character, his power to make them vivid and appealing, is difficult to find elsewhere throughout the entire range of American literature. It is certainly in this that Mr. Masters proves his greatness. There may be those to whom his verse lacks the harmony of rhymed poetry, or to whom his grim and ironic philosophy, his bitter humor, is not always pleasing, but there can be none who can deny his undertsanding of human nature, his fidelity to truth, and his canny intuition through an entirely original idea in reincarnating the ghosts of a locality into the passionate, pulsing reality of a village life.

All this is gathered up in the symbolic lines of "Petit, the Poet." It makes one shrink a little from its fatalistic conviction;

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but from the village which this "local poet" had the substance of his vision we get more than a picture of a place: the great sad epic of humanity passes in the procession of a mood; a mood in which the lamentation of the individual is pitched to a high and piercing key. It is unforgettable, this voice.

> Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,
> Tick, tick, tick, like mites in a quarrel—
> Faint iambics that the full breeze wakens—
> But the pine tree makes a symphony thereof.
> Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,
> Ballades by the score with the same old thought:
> The snows and the roses of yesterday are vanished;
> And what is love but a rose that fades?
> Life all around me here in the village:
> Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth,
> Courage, constancy, heroism, failure—
> All in the loom, and oh, what patterns!
> Woodlands, meadows, streams and rivers—
> Blind to all of it all my life long.
> Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,
> Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,
> Tick, tick, tick, what little iambics,
> While Homer and Whitman roared in the pines!

It is a great achievement for an author to have gathered, as Mr. Masters has done, such diverse impressions, and through more than two hundred pages to retain the keen interest of his readers in the life stories of men and women who all lie beneath their tombstones. Small and insignificant as the village life may be, all the currents of life sooner or later meet there. On that hillside in Spoon River are gathered men and women whose names have counted for much in the great world, lying side by side with those whose feet have never strayed beyond the narrow village boundaries. Characteristic American literature as a rule pulses with adventure and achievement, with all the extremes of life, marking even more definitely the fact that Mr. Masters has achieved his success in spite of the lack of these essentials. It is indeed a triumph—and one not likely to be duplicated—for *Spoon River Anthology* is a unique as well as a great contribution to American literature.

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WHERE GREAT VISION IS

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

NOT many years hence, I verily believe, they will be writing whole books about Edgar Lee Masters and the *Spoon River Anthology*. But if the man and the work are of such stature and ponderability, how shall one say anything worth while about them in two pages?

Like some Sphinx suddenly confronting us out of the mists that overhang our road, Masters appears, out of the murk of wordy literature, stark as a fact of life, asking these terrible questions and telling these parables, terrible and tender. We cannot pass on, inattentive; this phenomenon is too great for indifference; and when we pause and consider this Sphinx from every side, weighing its words and probing its meaning, it grows tremendous!

Is it poetry? If poetry be the inspired revelation of the great mysterious forces that shape the flow of life, and the noble telling of the struggles of passion and hope to shape these forces, regardless of form, then assuredly *Spoon River Anthology* is poetry. It is no longer necessary, of course, to argue that regular metre and rhyme are not essential to poetry; but I am not ready to abandon the idea that rhythm is the indispensable characteristic which, without prejudice to other forms of literature, distinguishes poetry from them all. Rhythm Whitman for the most part had, and rhythm Mr. Masters' creations for the most part have not. Therefore I do not call *Spoon River Anthology* a book of poems.

It has been called a novel, but this seems to me a weak subterfuge. A novel is the development of a plot with continuity, coherence and logic. Mr. Masters' work will not be squeezed into those limits. Nor is it a drama, for after all, a drama is something "to be acted by actors on a stage."

What then is *Spoon River Anthology?* Let me humbly suggest that it is an epic. Humbly, because the epic is much out of fashion now—supposed to be dead, I believe. And yet life is never unepical; it is we that have not the vision to see it epically.

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Where great vision is, there is the epic. Let us call an epic that which is seen greatly and told greatly, that vision in which the soul battling with the Fates is seen behind the man battling with petty things, and which is told with a high passion. Such vision is possessed by, and such a book has been written by this Middle West lawyer, so suddenly flashing like a sun through the sickly clouds of our tawdry literature.

It is a stirring tale of souls and destiny. Life is an eternal struggle—did it ever begin?—can it ever end?—between a god-like, gleaming, fiery element in man, flashing and burning upward, seeking its kindred fire in God; and a vast and terrible dark chaos, hideous with beasts and demons, choking and smothering the fire and the flame under its inexorable deadweight. Time after time the inwardness of this tragedy is flashed upon our apprehensions in these clairvoyant pages. Sometimes the flame conquers—burns through the demoniac element triumphantly; but generally it is tragedy—tragedy sometimes seen by the world, oftener borne secretly, unguessed, or only sneered at as mere bestial, tawdry sin and failure. To Masters, the soul is always visible. His understanding is uncanny; his pity beyond words; his irony godlike. Only in the hypocrite he sees no gleam of divinity. The unjust judge, the callous lawyer, the capitalist "who ran the church as well as the store and the bank" and wrecked the lives of a score of fellow-beings, these and all the "whited sepulchres" are spewed from his mouth with the loathing of Christ.

The words that come to mind most persistently in reading these stories are "grim," "tragic" and "horrible." They make no attempt to present a balanced picture of life, for while life in Spoon River and elsewhere has its large proportion of happiness and content, these are the norm, and only the aberrations from that norm call for the irony, the pity, the vision of the artist. There is no need to add to the flattery which we are wont to offer ourselves and our institutions. But look at these pictures, drawn by an inexorable master-hand, each bearing the signature of Truth Terribly in Earnest. Remember that this is civilization; Christian civilization of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, among the superior white people of Northern

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European stock, in the Great Republic of Freedom and Opportunity. Read of these girls betrayed and hounded to hell on earth; these wives and husbands consuming each other's souls through lingering years of hatred; these men and women made mad by loneliness and slander; these hypocrites exalted and these joyous souls pushed down by the black hand of puritanism into drunkenness and despair; these churches arrayed against beauty and joy, and these political institutions bought and sold amid riot and arson. It is not a pretty picture, but it is one we have known all along to be true; and it is a picture we like to ignore. Now comes a man capable of bearing the pain of gazing steadily on this tragic welter of life, capable of drawing it in stark reality, touching it with irony, touching it with pity. For my part, I think that this is one of the works that deserve to be called a Book; the only Human Book, as distinguished from cloudy books, and pattern books, and fashion books, and demon books, that we have had in—let Clio say how long a time!

And among these perfect tragedies which compose this perfect epic of the burning soul battling alone, in the gloom of the humble body and the banality of Spoon River, against the Fates and Furies, there are gleams of philosophical wisdom comparable, in sense and imagery, to anything from Plato to Goethe; doubting this praise, read Ernest Hyde, Ezra Bartlett, Alexander Throckmorton, Widow McFarlane, Professor Newcomer and Ernest Pollard.

It should be added, even in so brief a note as this, that the art of Edgar Lee Masters, be it poetry or what, is in its kind perfect. It would be easy, with these subjects and this manner, to become banal, redundant, tiresome, gaunt, repulsive and ludicrous; but *Spoon River Anthology* has infinite variety, crystal clarity, unfailing grip, emotional power, and the dignity of a great work of art. It demands re-reading; it is one of those books which, once understood, become a part of one's life.

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AMERICA'S FIRST ÆSTHETICIAN

ANDRÉ TRIDON

THIS country has produced a bountiful crop of art critics; Willard Huntington Wright, however, is our first æsthetician. By which I mean this: we have conservative critics who watch sedulously the advertising columns of their publications, supply purchasers of spurious old masters with sentimental excuses and fill up the blanks left on the art page after the cards of galleries have been set with lyric outbursts anent Turner's " deep feeling," Delacroix's " dramatic power " or Carrière's " restraint." Then there are the rahrah boys who remember that, after hearing the Seventh Symphony, Weber hastily adjudged Beethoven insane, and who, in order to be and to remain " dernier cri," cheer quite as loudly a Matissing or Gauguining faker as they would a first-rate revolutionist of art. Salaried expert and chance pamphleteer alike are simply jotting down their personal impressions couched in Walter Pater parlance or in Gertrude Stein lingo. Neither of them, however, looks under the externals or seeks a definite basis for an intelligent appreciation of painting.

This is the æsthetician's task; this Willard Huntington Wright has set out to do; *Modern Painting* * is the result of his exertions. A book of that sort was sorely needed. Realism is dead, and so is subject painting; drawing as such is gasping its last even on 57th Street. Color, on the other hand, or, I should rather say, color-form is coming into its own. And what is color after all, if not a chemical reaction of certain nerve ends placed in contact with certain physical vibrations? The " appeal " of painting might be a sort of heliotropism. Jacques Loeb and A. R. Moore tell us of organisms disturbed by blue and yellowish green, though indifferent to red and yellow. Hungry caterpillars and bees in love are slaves to light rays but regain their freedom when their hunger or their sexual need is appeased, or when they are given a dose of strychnine or caffein. And then German

* ***Modern Painting: Its Tendency and Meaning;*** **by Willard Huntington Wright. Illustrated. John Lane Company.**

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scientists have reported very disturbing observations as to the emotional reactions of form and color.

And not so long ago a Columbia man, Professor Rood, confirmed through his experiments on the intensity of unmixed pigments the soundness of the divisionist technique which Constable and Turner had discovered either instinctively or accidentally. Science and art are near neighbors.

In *Modern Painting* we find at last a definite *rationale* of artistic criticism. All the evidence submitted by the author has stood the test of physiological and psychological research. Willard Huntington Wright explains, with a healthy scorn for the pseudo-technical jargon of art shops and without a single lapse into lyricism or metaphysics, what constitutes the greatness of certain paintings and why certain other canvases from the brush of the same masters have remained minor accomplishments. This is, in a word, the first book in any language which coördinates the impulse toward rhythmic organization and the synthetic interpretation of nature's manifestations.

In Wright's hands art criticism develops into an exact science. Wright holds that the lasting beauty of a work of art does not lie in its power to make us recall forgotten scenes, to move us to tears or gaiety, or to depict strange lands or idealized types, but in its expression of ordered volumes in three dimensions, harmonized in such a way that we will react physically to the picture's lines and weights. It is only when plastic expression will have been purged from the coloring matter superimposed on it by literature, archæology and illustration that our interest in it will be æsthetic in the proper sense of the word.

Ultramodern as he is, Wright does not join the Futurists in their vituperation of everything pertaining to the past. Indeed, he holds that the same basic system of composition obtains in the masterpieces of yesterday and in those of to-day. He even concedes that were Rubens and Michelangelo to come to life again in our day and avail themselves of all the technical improvements we have devised, they would leave every modern artist hopelessly outranked.

The new men, however, fall very short of the great masters of the past; if they have not equalled them yet it is because they

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have had a comparatively very short time in which to carry out all the new art theories.

Wright also eschews bigotry in treating the scientific side of painting. He tells us in so many words that "if taste is sensitive, it will be verified by science." In other words, the painter is not to be merely a clever chromologist; nor is he to remain impervious to enthusiasm: "A work of art must be done coldly and consciously and without passion for the model; all enthusiasm should only come from the progressing work itself." This much for the artist. And now for the beholder: "Emotion should be provoked only by a plastic poise of subjective weights; the balance and opposition of weights and volumes when rhythmically organized give rise to complete æsthetic satisfaction."

Wright first devotes a chapter to a parallel between modern and ancient art and surveys briefly the conditions preceding the appearance of Delacroix, the first truly modern painter. He explains the unrest of which Delacroix's many-sided endeavors and experiments were significant symptoms and which brought about the revival of composition. It is to the great romanticist that we are after all indebted for the unique vision of modern times which became purified by passing through Courbet and Daumier.

After Nicolas Poussin composition had become a lost art; painting had degenerated into a mere vehicle for political propaganda. The age of Delacroix witnessed the reinstatement of composition. At first it was little more than a conscious resumption of Rubens's and Veronese's methods. Under their revitalizing influence, however, men's minds grew less hazy and romantic, and acquired a more precise and realistic perception. Empiricism was replacing rationalism. The fantasies of Walter Scott and Byron gave place to Zola's and Baudelaire's solid realities and surer technique. Painters, too, came to realize that the life of which they were a part was more important and more vital than Greek myths or scenes from Roman history. Courbet appeared and, with him, a definite trend toward naturalism, the second battle to be fought by modernism. Scientists of the Flammarion type revealed to the masses that the bare facts of chemistry and physics held more wonder and were more fascinating

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than the imaginings of fictionists; the clamor of the day was for more precision and for definite reasons. In this general desire for light and definition, monotonous browns and lacklustre greys appeared the discarded garments of another age. From this blending of the scientific spirit and of a desire for higher emotions, such as color may express and induce, Impressionism was born.

Wright devotes much space to the Impressionists, for he considers them not only the naturalistic primitives of the new vision but the men who were most concretely benefited by the systematic application of Delacroix's scattered theories.

With Cézanne began the greatest and last cycle of painting; Cézanne bridged the chasm between the modern man's conception of form and that of the old masters. He made color and form one element, leaving the further development of his technique to those who came after him.

Cézanne, Wright justly thinks, has excelled in achievements all other painters of the last hundred years. The chapter on Cézanne contains the first lucid and dispassionate presentation and explanation I have ever read of the various psychological problems which have puzzled critics whenever they have discussed the master of Aix.

Matisse, the Cubists, the Synchromists and others carried forward the impetus given by Cézanne, some directly, others tangentially, until the final purification of form has been at last brought about, and visual materiality, with its deadening impedimenta of literature, illustration, photography, anecdote, allegory and sentimentalism, has been eliminated.

Wright shows that every modern movement is a direct outgrowth of what immediately preceded it and, at the same time, an indirect result of the forces underlying all painting. The new schools are not, in any sense of the word, isolated manifestations; they are indeed direct responses to the inner needs and promptings of the creative spirit which have accompanied all human aspiration from the very beginning of autonomous life.

For this very reason Wright characterizes Futurists and Neo-Impressionists as decadents; they have made no effort to profit by the latest improvements and have reverted to old im-

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pulses instead. Notwithstanding their love of life and motion, the Futurists cling to the superstition of subject painting and illustration.

Apropos of the modern painters Wright very equitably settles the question of priority and credit. Frenchmen have been commonly credited with the invention of every modern method in painting. The truth is, Wright tells us, that "Watteau and Boucher come to us direct out of the corners of Rubens's pictures. Daumier and Courbet stem from the Dutch and the Spaniards. Cézanne emanated from the Dutch and the Italians via Impressionism. Matisse's procedure is little more than a modification of that of the Persians and the early Italians. . . . But we should not confuse discovery and employment. Since Monet was French, France has a perfect right to claim the results of color division. The honors attaching to its discovery are Turner's and Constable's."

Modern Painting is not merely an exposé of the laws of painting; it is, in addition, a statement of anthropomorphic æsthetics based upon a study of organic and emotional reactions. It formulates a system of æsthetic philosophy applied to the art of painting and more especially to the two cycles which have been completed within the past 100 years—the cycle of research which began with Turner, Constable and Delacroix and reached its culmination in the later canvases of Renoir and the cycle of which Cézanne was the primitive and which found realization in the abstract statement of composed volumes represented by means of organized color values.

Modern Painting systematizes the scattered snatches of theory one had to seek in Meier-Graefe's various monographs, the only lucid contributions to the study of modern art. After *Modern Painting,* criticism based upon "personal appeal," which treats art works as though they were pleasant or unpleasant acquaintances, and which, after all, is only a pretentious elaboration upon the "I-don't-know-much-about-art-but-I-know-what-I-like" system, dear to Whistler's friend, will appear more than idle and useless. A standard of criticism has been set, and this standard reposes on the most durable foundation, the animating purpose of all great creative expression.

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